Toronto Saturday Night.

Vol. 4, No. 37 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, AUGUST 8, 1891. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 193

Around Town.

It is hard to define the full meaning, scope and value of self-repression. Everyone who assumes the right to preach at and lecture us, warns us of the dangers of self-indulgence. I have never got it exactly through my head how much good we can do for ourselves and others by wearing a tight check-rein, making ourselves miserable by wishing for things that if we ever indulged in we would never want again, or if tasted with reasonable caution would, if we possess brains and judgment, extend our knowledge by widening our experience. In Oscar Wilde's last story his most interesting character, a *blase* sybarite, Lord Henry, announces as the result of his experience that the easiest way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it. Of course this is a horrible heresy and could be properly accepted by no one as a rule of conduct. Yet I imagine that that is the way the majority of people get over their temptations. The little inclinations which drift over the surface of the mind and can be put aside so readily, are not temptations. I presume I have had as many acquaintances as the ordinary person, and that they have not been below the average in strength of mind and purity of purpose. Amongst them I cannot recall one who was really a good hand at resisting temptation. Doctors given to quackery and anxious to extend their reputation call every sore throat a case of diphtheria, and none of their patients have a backache and a high temperature without going through an attack of typhoid. The majority of people, moral quacks particularly, who pass through temptations so triumphantly, have really done nothing but say "no" when they felt "no." They have not resisted their inclinations except, perhaps, when they have yielded to fear. This may seem a very ignoble view of what passes for lofty character, but quackery in morality is as detestable as it is in medicine. No good can be accomplished by leading people to despise disease by giving them the idea that they have passed through a terrible sickness, which was really nothing but a bad cold. It is apt to make them reckless of contagion. It is just as unwise to over-estimate the mental and moral struggles we have undergone or imagine we have undergone. It leads to a similar disregard of contagion; the foolishly strong are more apt to fall ill than even the hypochondriac who imagines himself peculiarly liable to every disease.

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The natural tendencies of a character, together with early education, surroundings, and the pressure of the first army of circumstances when adult years are reached, combine almost with the inexorableness of fate to bring about a certain result. In the subjugation of these tendencies, in the avoidance of dangerous surroundings, in the calm and brave resistance of those things which bear upon our special weakness, is the real fight against temptation. The inclination to do a wrong or foolish thing which crops up in the well regulated mind and is at once put aside by the reason, is vastly different to a valiant resistance every day and in everything one does to the doing of what one is very well aware must be avoided if one's life is to be clean and its purpose noble. Oddly, too, natures are not uncommon of so pugnacious a turn that a fight with themselves is one of the pleasures of life, and thus even a continuous resistance of the old Adam is easy, and they manifest their weaknesses by indulging in the little things against which they are unarmed.

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Reason guides a greater majority than, watching the current of life, superficial observers might imagine. There are men whose very vices are a part of their life plan, their excesses are carefully calculated, and in everything they do they are following what they have decided contains most pleasure and profit. A decision as to what shall be the main spring of life is where the mistake is generally made. It is not the yielding to a temptation; it is frequently but the fostering of an inclination and a struggling towards an opportunity to indulge in it. I do not believe that men who are born reasonably honest, trained by honest parents, educated in the bank or warehouse of an honest man, ever have a temptation to steal. It is something they never think of. They handle money and valuable things every day but it never brings the thought of how they could get a lot of them together and escape beyond the reach of extradition.

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I am a firm believer in the goodness of women. In the lives of few who are not placed in very exceptional circumstances does there ever come a real temptation, such a temptation that family ties, the code which they have been taught to adhere to, all social restraints, fear and that feminine clinging to the respect of their neighbors are in one side of the balance, and a mad folly, or perchance passionate love, is in the other. Such temptations do not come uninvited. The climax is not reached unawares; the decision is insensibly made a dozen times before the grand crisis arrives when the tempted one is overwhelmed. Those who permit or invite such a struggle should distrust themselves. We can only feel so much pain. Having one's leg cut off does not hurt very much more than the toothache, though the shock to the system is much greater. If we undertake to withstand terrible things and hope to bring to bear many powers and unlimited arguments, we shall be surprised, if we ever try it, to find that a decision will be influenced by a trifle; that we are really incapable of undergoing the temptations. It is for this reason that that section of the Lord's prayer which asks that we be not led into temptation, seems the greatest safeguard of life. When temptation and opportunity come together it seems almost as if the fates, and not our feeble selves, decided. After we have gone through a great temptation do you notice that somehow we never speak of it, of what we thought or of what dangerous things suggested themselves! It is the good swimmer who is most frequently drowned while in bathing, for he ventures into the depths, and no one knows when cramps may take his strength away from him.

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Admitting then, as everyone must, the terrible results of venturing into deep water, particularly amidst the swirling rapids of passion, resistance to temptation seems to me largely a matter of reason; that is to say, those who are unlikely to fall are those who have a life principle which makes them desire to do right, and sufficient knowledge to warn them when they are entering upon a course which must prove destructive. When our clerical association denounces dancing and theater-going and worldly pleasures, they are too sweeping. The person who is likely to be ruined by these things is the one who has a misconception of life. It will be this misunderstanding of the real purpose of living, of the best method of enjoying one's self, which will do the harm, not the dance, not the theater, not the occasional glass of wine. Young people are erroneously taught, I imagine, that what is to be resisted is the first dance, the first visit to the theater, the first glass of wine, the first walk with one of the other sex away from the view of the guardian eye. Of course it is very true that if the first one be not indulged in the second must be impossible. But when three or four or half-a-dozen danger buoys are placed in the channel, the unaccustomed mariner is led to believe that all the rest of the waters are navigable and safe. As a matter of fact, there is nothing in life, there is no part of the channel over which our little bark has to make its way where a danger buoy could not be very well placed. The result, it seems to me, in church life, while no doubt good on the whole, has been very narrowing and the undisciplined, while avoiding the places marked out by their pastors, have drifted on to shoals, and their boats have been stranded on sand bars. Their lives too may be often useless and inert because of limitations which are unnecessary to the good, and cannot possibly save the bad.

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The attitude insisted upon by many clergymen and adopted by so many of their fold, appears to me eminently absurd. Nothing is more ridiculous than the men and women who, continually afraid of burglars, are hunting for people under their bed, surrounding themselves with knives and clubs to resist the midnight intruder, and have their whole being so absorbed by fear that a moment of peaceful sleep is absolutely impossible. The reflex action of such natures is terrible on the few points of grinding contact, destroying the child life of their offspring as well as bruising and weakening the beset soul. The bright, fearless truthfulness of childhood is warped by the nagging of those who have a half-a-dozen bogies with which they are always terrifying those about them. The ideal life does not grow out of these limitations and terrorisms. Genuine self-sacrifice is seldom a part of the lives of those who have been led to believe that their duty is fulfilled by the avoidance of the half-dozen naughty things the preachers designate as worldly pleasures. No life can be perfect. The only perfect life that we have had, the One given us as an example, found no temptations in moving about amongst the wicked, no degradation in supping with the sinful, no lowering of His standard in uplifting the fallen. The temptations to which He was subjected by the Evil One were those of ambition, the devil seeking to work on the highest phases of His character, for those were the impulses which otherwise saved Him from contamination. It seems to me that what is good in us, the divinity in us, the image of God that was made a part of us at our creation, is what we need to take care of; then we will go through the other phases of life uplifted beyond the plane where small things can lead us from our ideal. If within the soul of the youth there is a strong, saving desire to be a good and useful man, he will have few temptations to resist. His lapses from absolute goodness may be numerous. All of them cannot be avoided; the majority of them will teach him his own weaknesses and the worthlessness of vice either as an amusement or a means of advancement. The persons, it seems to me, are tinkering with the face of the watch rather than trying to perfect the works. How few have an ideal life! How few, when they are alone, have an uplifting of the soul to a point where it can re-discover itself! How few have an absolute sense of duty towards each one of their fellow creatures! How few believe that it is the duty of every one who lives to make at least some phase of life beautiful, to make as many people happy as possible, to save others from the consequence of their mistakes, and to find themselves ready to lean on others trustfully yet helpfully, to make the best possible use of the good part of what is in them!

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If I were to be asked what is the greatest mistake, omission, sin, temptation of the age, I would answer that it is the disregard by parents of the proper education of their children. The temptation that is most yielded to, the temptation more pernicious than a ball room or the theater, the bar-room or a gambling house, is the temptation to let children, when their natures are young and pure, when inherited instincts and copied inclinations are developing into a character, grow without proper precept and example into selfish and unbeautiful lives. It is the home unsanctified by an ideal life, unbeautified by a pure and unselfish example which does more to wreck lives than the temptations which come when young people enter the whirl of social life and business pursuits. Unfortunately for all of us, our lives are very narrow and the least exalted and most pernicious phases of this narrowness are apt to be exhibited to the eyes of those who are using us as a copy. Moreover, the most Puritan homes are not always those which produce the best examples, but rather those homes where the implanting of honorable principles, dignity of character, self-repression as a habit, kindliness and charity as a virtue, produce men and women who, when they go into the world, hate what is low, selfish and unclean, and their temptations are few, their sins those that may come to a broad character without contaminating it; their mistakes educational, not ruinous; their victories almost unconscious, therefore, helpful and beautiful to those who watch and rejoice and are not envious of those who seem naturally good.

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Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged	$89 00
F. L. McB., Heathcote	2 00
F. O. Clerks, city	4 00
J. E.	1 00
Total	$96 00

DON.

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E. A. Macdonald is a child of fate, foreordained to a life of turmoil, if ever human being was. By no effort of the imagination can one conceive of him revolving for any definite time in any fixed orbit. Try as he will to be humdrum and common-place, fate ferrets him out and whisks him before the public vision like an erratic sort of comet. If he were sent as a solitary political prisoner to some St. Helena in the unknown seas, the officers of the first vessel that called to replenish their larder would discover that the island was underlaid with gold ore, and inside of a year the political exile would find himself first president of a mining republic in mid-ocean and father of his country. Busily employed with his task of creating a new city at Bellamy, where franchises, street cars and corporation printers cannot gain an evil entrance, he claims that he was visited by citizens who satisfied him that an infamous job had been perpetrated. There is no reason to doubt that he was thus pursued to his sylvan retreat and enticed into the noisy city where he was soon in the very thick of it—examining the structure erected by the aldermen, thumping the walls for rotten timbers, and smashing up the floor in search of rat holes. The appearance of such an implacable man on the scene would naturally disconcert any queer-workers whose foot-prints he came to measure. Supposing that there had been some shady transactions, it would promptly occur to those interested that it would be well to try all human means of appeasing the avenger. If they failed, their last state would be no worse than their first, since detection was fairly sure. Supposing on the other hand, that the whole history of the street car business was as clean and honorable as such an affair could be, I can imagine how a man of strong affections and weak judgment might seek on his own hook, as Mr. Marshall says he did, to serve a benefactor who had a deep concern in securing immediate possession of the street railway. Friendship is sometimes very strong and generous with bank cheques, but more potent than simple friendship in such a man, if motives could be sifted out and separated, would be the latent desire, half vanity and half vice, that lies just below his surface, to regard himself and prove himself a manipulator of men, a moulder of bulky circumstances. In any event Mr. Macdonald came upon the scene as a voluntary guardian of the public interest. He retired from it, a purist who had found his price. It may yet transpire whether, arriving on the ground late though he did, he secured all the boodle within reach or was forestalled in his search for the fifteen thousand dollar worm by some earlier bird.

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Mr. Coleman accuses Mr. Macdonald of attempting blackmail, and the latter repudiates the accusation as a slander. If true, it is a contemptible offence; if untrue, the meanest sort of a slander. Mr. Macdonald was under no obligation to institute proceedings that I can see, nor to continue them a moment longer than his inclination directed. If his conception of what was legally and morally right permitted him to stop proceedings on receipt of "a consideration," it was his own matter. But having tasted the rather illicit sweets of Mr. Marshall's purse, it was dishonorable to hold that fact as a menace above his head and try to mercilessly bleed one who dealt in good faith. This is the one unpardonable sin among men of the world, defined in the statutes as blackmail. If it is an unfounded accusation, no meaner slander could be possibly uttered against a man of standing. Many remarkable letters have reached the public eye in times past, notably in breach of promise suits, but none ever equalled the letter which Mr. Coleman alleges that he received from Mr. Macdonald. He does not profess to have the letter, nor does he claim that it was signed—but really, could any other living man have framed it? The subject matter of the epistle is innocence itself, with not a harsh or threatening word in it all, and nothing whatever in the way of blackmail. But could any other man have placed such a value on his services, even though he gave "every minute of his time that nature would allow?" Being a man of concentrated purpose and conscious of a reserve force that circumstances had never called into use, he valued a month of his time commencing at midnight, August 3rd, at $15,500. He had heretofore been wasting time writing letters to the papers—he would subdue this habit. Reporters had been delaying him—he would not stop to speak with them. He had neglected his own business to investigate street car matters in the court—he would rescue this time and give it to his new employers; but being a subject truly loyal to the chief magistrate, he would in this still obey direction from the courts. All his time not spent in slumber he would give unreservedly for one month to the Kiely-Everett company or any other person or persons who would accept his services at that valuation. It was a straight business proposition to be accepted or rejected on its merits. If he said it was a chance that only comes once in thirty years, he was right enough. No man with public aspirations could shut himself away from the society of reporters and from the columns of the press for a great length of time, and no man could put in such a month of intense service as that outlined above more than once in thirty years. There is no necessary connection between the length of the street railway lease and the physical endurance of even a robust man in search of a month's employment. Labor is usually paid for after it is performed. In asking for it in advance, the departure from established custom is satisfactorily explained, "it might be garnished by my creditors and I prefer to pay them in the usual way." A very natural preference in any man's bosom, when I come to think of the humiliation inherent in the garnishee process and the impertinence of creditors generally. It is an innocent enough letter and Mr. Coleman in supposing that he had secured evidence of blackmail when he succeeded in jotting down its contents, will no doubt presently be confronted with his error. This is written on the presumption that Mr. Macdonald will admit authorship which may otherwise be difficult to establish, but if the letter is bogus it is the cleverest forgery of a man's literary personality this age has seen.

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It is said that every man has his price, which I will admit if it is conceded that an odd man has a price that would twice over exhaust the wealth of the Indies. I don't believe in total depravity and I don't believe that half the

BAD NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

young men whom I meet on the street with their hats pulled villainously over one eye are nearly so wicked as they look. It is my idea that if E. A. Macdonald had succeeded in alarming the public with his charge of aldermanic bribery and had found himself the acknowledged leader of an indignant people, the whole value of the franchise might have been offered him in vain. I believe he entered the lists more for glory than gain, but that the now famous cheque floated under his nose at the time when he first realized the magnitude of his thankless undertaking and was sore from public indifference. The people were indifferent because the charges were disbelieved, for why should the company making the best tender resort unnecessarily to corrupt means? And the charges were so vague, as though the deponent came to feel for, not to reveal, wrongdoing. Some may now fancy that Mr. Macdonald on hearing the first whisper of boodle pricked up a speculative ear and went crashing into the underbrush without any definite idea, but with a hope that he might raise some such well plumed partridge as Mr. Marshall. The disposition of the man bears out his own settlement, that he was oppressed by public indifference to his efforts and resolved to let himself out as best he could.

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While we are all in one voice clamoring for the official life of Sir Hector Langevin and evincing a righteous—or self-righteous—pleasure in the retribution that is overtaking unworthy officials in the different departments at Ottawa, the time is propitious for asking: Are such men conscious of their own depravity? There is an endless subject for psychological debate. Assuming for argument's sake that Sir Hector Langevin and everybody else is guilty, it seems to me that, crediting them with being at one period quite honest, they drifted away by such imperceptible degrees and under such soothing influences that they were unconscious of the inward change. On detection the first sensation of such a man is one of resentment. While he may admit to himself that he made personal use of public money, yet he feels of different clay to that vile thing, a thief, and is disgusted with public opinion and the Queen's statutes that admit no distinction. He resents the whole thing—imputation, accusation, consequences—and goes into exile or confinement feeling indeed that he is a sadly injured and misunderstood man. He is aware that his acts correspond with the definition of theft as popularly conceived and as provided for in law, but he considers it preposterous to class him with thieves. I fancy that Mr. Rykert is not at all oppressed by the weight of his irregularities and believes to this day that he was made a burnt offering to the false morality of the people. Comparing his present self with his previous self, he is conscious of no degeneration; and comparing his unchanged self with those about, he feels as good as they. By this simple process any man can square himself with himself and rest easy. Conscience may cause a little trouble, but, like a certain class of men and women, conscience is always kicking about small things and wastes its influence protesting over trifles, until, when a man reaches the point of thievery, his conscience is a thief's conscience and winks at evil. I have not the least doubt that a boy's conscience raises a bigger outcry when he for the first time raids an orchard than when, years later, he burglarizes a bank or whistles away a couple of bronze dogs belonging to his beloved country. This being my idea I confess to no surprise that Mr. Arnoldi should leave his elegant "Joe" yacht at her dock, walk meekly into the presence of the investigating committee and resent the imputation of villainy. He is unconscious of any depravity, and mentally defines himself as merely a business man whose methods are unpopularly acute. Then, too, he institutes a comparison and finds himself like unto those about him, whereat his head becomes more erect than ever. A man's performances are judged to be meritorious or bad, largely through the surrounding facts of time and circumstance. Some of the old patriarchs were, and still are viewed as wonderfully good men, but I would really not venture to re-live any one of their lives at this day. So in more recent history, the achievements of a man or the purity of his life was judged by the standards of his time. A cannibal might be a remarkably good man and yet a cannibal. It is necessary to consider his environments. And so with those whose official lives are being unveiled at Ottawa. I am not attempting to draw a comparison between the moral atmosphere of a cannibal island and that which pervades the Civil Service at Ottawa, and in fact I should apologize to the patriarchs, Sir Hector, Mr. Rykert, Mr. Arnoldi, the bronze dogs and the cannibal for using them to round off my arguments. I maintain, though I may not be able to establish the theory, that those who are being exposed at Ottawa are unconscious of their own depravity.

"If my poor hubby knew how I am carrying on to-night, it would kill him, really." A young married woman made this expression to a friend on Yonge street Saturday night, as the two were keeping up a running flirtation with a couple of professional lady-killers across the street. She was an ordinary, good-hearted, silly little soul who will say or do a thing one minute and cry over it the next—so thoughtless in her acts that she never gets the tear stains well off her face until she finds it necessary to drench some new folly with her copious weepings. There are plenty of these good little women who lack the cheapest sort of sense. If her husband had met her where I did, he would no doubt have concluded with me that here was his giddy wife throwing away her respect and reputation on the point of the parasol she coyly aimed at the gilded nobodies across the way. Yet she would have wept oceans of indignant tears if her "poor hubby" had pointed out this evident fact to her. Married women who flirt at all and single ones who flirt promiscuously with strangers, invite trouble that frequently proves more than they can cope with. They challenge gossip to try an onslaught upon their names, and although gossip may not always overturn that which it attacks, it never in this world yet failed to inflict some damage. Though a confessed democrat in public matters, I firmly believe in all the conventionalities that shut off the home from the highway. While here and there through history we may find an emperor or a king who married a beggar maid without subsequently losing her along with his crown and such other valuables as a female thief would be apt to seize upon, yet it is well that only the royal personages who reign in Sunday school story books have contracted the invariable habit of marrying paupers. A class of people that to me seems otherwise respectable enough, permits its young ladies to form random acquaintances at every place of resort. Left to herself, a young lady never fails to pick out a good suit of clothes as her escort. That is well enough so far as it goes, but the most worthless rasca's and the most worthy young gentlemen in Toronto dress with an equal degree of nicety. The superior sort of loafer is the worst, because with all his opportunities he is a vicious cipher in a busy world. From this thoughtless class of girls is developed the flirting wife of later years, the worst product and priestess of unconventional society.

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Already has a book been issued ostensibly containing all the anecdotes of Sir John Macdonald's life that could be gathered together by a man who has devoted a few years to the enterprise. But it is safe to say that if every man in the country were consulted for amusing reminiscences of the late Premier and a dozen books were written, still the fund of anecdotes would not become exhausted. There are boys at school or running around home in a bib and tucker who will, after the enterprising manner of these modern times, furnish the press with amusing remarks made by Sir John. The ball has hardly been well set rolling as yet. The man who lives out in the back townships and met the late chieftain at the county town and received an introduction and never met him again, man dear! for twelve years, but recognized each other at a glance—this gentleman has not sprung his reminiscences with unbecoming haste upon the country editor. He is preserving it with an effort, but feels that each passing month adds to the glory of the recital. I figure that there will be a very large crop of these when they are all gathered in. Across the line the recollections of Washington have just nicely come to be regarded as belonging to history, while the work of recollecting Lincoln may still be classed as in its puling infancy.

ZEKE.

Social and Personal.

August is confessedly holiday time for more folks than the fraternity of the blue bag, and town in August is quite a different place from town any other month in the twelve. When we think of our friends and intimates, our minds must travel to the bounds of the known earth—that is of the fashionable earth—to locate them. Toronto folk have scattered more diversely this summer than ever, it strikes me, and families are divided, not against themselves, but as their several tastes drive them, to the primitive camping ground, the pretentious summer hotel, and the deck of the ocean steamer. As to the campers, they enjoy their fun the longest; their simple preparations cause no distress and know not the disappointment of the slippery modiste or the conscienceless tailor; they catch their monstrous fish, (sometimes the only catch is this!) long before they set out for the scene of imaginary piscatorial triumphs, and though a card is apt to come from the camp gently proclaiming, "fishing not much good," it is followed by no grumbling, for other things are good if fishing is not. At the summer hotel are herded young and old, and, though the soup be cold and the drinking water warm, one never hears of it, for above all other places is it true of this place, that it knoweth its own bitterness and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joys. If you doubt the latter part of the statement just pop in upon the summer hotel and see if you aren't lonely! And the party of the third part, the *voyageurs*, who are roaming open eyed or bored as their nature is, through European or other unknown continents, this is the time of their visitation and the hour of their triumph. They are seeing and hearing dreams and stories come true day by day, and they will come back to us more satisfied to live, more liberal in their ideas, better worth knowing than they went away, and we shall welcome them heartily home.

There was a *recherche* wedding on Tuesday the 4th inst., at Trinity College Chapel, when Miss Strachan, niece of the Dean, Professor Jones, was married to Mr. Edward G. Everard Ffolkes, of New York. The bride was dressed very simply in white silk, and a white hat, and looked charming. The beautiful chapel was decked with flowers and ferns, and was filled by about eighty friends and relations, among whom were Sir William Ffolkes, of Hillington Hall, Norfolk (a cousin of the bridegroom), with his wife and daughter, the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. Clarkson Jones and family, Mrs. Edward Jones and sons, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Patteson, and many other friends. Miss Strachan's presents were numerous, and many of them very valuable. Mr. and Mrs. Ffolkes left by the 5 o'clock boat for Niagara Falls, where they will remain for some days, and then go to their future home on Staten Island. The bride will be missed much in society, and also at Trinity College, where she is extremely popular.

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Mrs. Stephen Jarvis is sojourning in Muskoka.

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The Misses Oliver of Buffalo were in Toronto for a short stay on their way to Muskoka. They visited Mrs. James Pringle of Ontario street.

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Mr. and Mrs. H. Disney Ellis have left The Pines, Center Island, for a seaside holiday.

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Mr. and Mrs. Crocker and their granddaughter, Miss Edith McCollum, have returned from Port Arthur. They are now at Preston.

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In the days to come, perhaps, the West Island too will have its aquatic association, its annual sports and its weekly concerts. Meantime, residents there join as much as possible in the social "goings on" of their neighbors on Center Island, as well as contrive by many enjoyable evenings to make the season pass pleasantly in their own midst.

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Miss Clery gave a party to the guests at Monreith on Saturday evening last, which, notwithstanding the wet weather, was largely attended. The arrangements of this cottage are well suited for dancing. The young people were "on pleasure bent," and altogether the evening was a great success.

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We hear that it is proposed to give a concert at Monreith early in the month in aid of the Lakeside Hospital for Sick Children, and we are quite sure the proposal will be warmly supported.

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Mr. G. A. Forster, barrister, and bride are spending their honeymoon at Jackson's Point, Simcoe.

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Mr. George Holland is at Burlington Beach.

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Mrs. Hislop, wife of Mr. G. W. Hislop of the Hudson Bay Co., Edmonton, N. W. T., is spending the summer with friends in Toronto.

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A quiet and pretty wedding took place in the Presbyterian Church, St. George, on the evening of July 29, when Mr. H. H. McKague of Messrs. W. J. Gage & Co. of this city, was married to Miss Louise Elliott, daughter of Mr. J. C. Elliott of the above mentioned town. The bride's dress was of ivory satin *en train*, and petticoat embroidered with seed pearls. She wore the conventional veil and wreath, and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bride was attended by Miss Jennie E. Kelly of Toronto who wore a dainty and becoming gown of pearl camel's hair and surah, bouquet of pale pink roses. The groom was supported by Mr. W. J. Elliott of Toronto. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. McKague started on a trip to the Pacific coast. It is their intention to reside in this city, where Mrs. McKague, who has been for some time one of Montreal's leading vocalists, will be a decided acquisition in musical circles.

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Dr. McGee is away from the city on a month's trip on the northern lakes.

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The officers of the Canadian Camp at Bisley, near London, England, held an At Home on Tuesday, July 23. Among the guests were Mrs. Lydia Leavitt, Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., General Middleton, Mr. Stuart Tupper of Winnipeg, and Mr. White, editor of the Montreal *Gazette*.

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Miss Annie Cummings and Miss Polly McBride of Toronto are visiting at Homenook, the residence of Mr. C. Moore, Brant street, Orillia.

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Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Wilkie of 661 Spadina avenue have left for Europe. They sail to-day on the Anchor Line steamer Ethiopia from New York.

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The Misses Quinn of Sussex avenue are spending the summer at Sydenham on the St. Clair.

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On Tuesday evening of last week at Monreith, West Island, Mrs. Wm. Logan gave her little daughter, Olive, a birthday party, at which were many of Olive's little playmates. A few of her older friends were also there, and they, not less than the little folk, found great fun in the 'taffey pull' and other juvenile amusements provided.

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At the Bungalo Cottage, Grimsby Park, the summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Pearson, was celebrated the first anniversary of their son, Allen. The little ones of the Park were invited to spend the day with him, and they enjoyed themselves as only children can. Before refreshments were served a large photograph of the children was taken. Amongst those present were Florence and Jane Pickering, Kerby Hunter, Constance and Harry Bepord, Minnie Griffith, Adelaide and Melville Pearson, Bertha and Maud Street, Minnie Graves, Aggie Simpson, Bertha and Clarence Ackland, Maud Philps, Harold Ackland, Harry Bepord, Lanna Coady, Olive and Joseph Hughes, Nellie Lazier, Ethel Moor, Richard Coady.

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Mr. Archie Langmuir has gone for a holiday to Gananoque.

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Mrs. James Henderson is summering at Roach's Point.

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Rev. A. Oliver, assistant minister of St. Simon's church, has been taking a well earned holiday.

*

A pretty wedding took place on Tuesday last at Eglinton, when Miss Mary Miller, eldest daughter of Mr. J. R. Miller of this city, was married to Mr. C. H. Firth of London, Ont. The ceremony was performed at Castlefield, Eglinton, the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. R. M. Hamilton, B.A., assisted by Rev. J. A. Turnbull, A.M., LL.B., and was witnessed by a large assemblage of friends and relatives. The bridesmaids were the Misses Wilkinson of Goderich, Smith, and Netta Miller. The groom was accompanied by Dr. Piper of Leamington, Mr. Firth of London and Mr. W. J. Miller of Chicago. The bridal gown was of cream satin with orthodox veil and orange blossoms. A well merited gift from the Presbyterian church to the bride, who was their organist, and a set of diamonds and watch and chain from the groom, who also presented the bridesmaids with diamond pins, were among the many handsome presents. After the wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Firth left for a tour in the United States.

*

Prof. James Cusin, director of the Meisterschaft School of Linguistry, left the city this week to spend his vacation with friends in Boston.

*

M. George Coutellier is summering at the Arlington Hotel, Cobourg, and attending his classes in Port Hope, Peterboro', Cobourg, etc.

*

Mr. E. B. Osler and family are at Roache's Point for the summer.

*

Miss Lottie Nozon of Bathurst street has returned after a very enjoyable visit amongst friends in the beautiful county of Prince Edward.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

As conclusively proven by last Wednesday's hop at the Chautauqua, the success of a dance depends rather upon the persons than the number present. It was one of the most thoroughly jolly and informal affairs so far held this season; and yet, owing to numerous other attractions, there were not more than about one hundred or a hundred and twenty-five in the room. Among others whose presence lent success to the evening were: Mr. and the Misses Bernard, Mr. Frank Smith, Mr. McCollum, Captain, Mr. C. and Miss Milloy, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Taylor, Dr. and Miss Hedley Anderson, Miss Anderson, Miss Clement, Mrs. and Miss Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Mr. J. and Miss F. Russell, Miss Russell, Mr. Frank Russell, Mr. Horrocks, Mr. Hugh Watt, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Gurney, Miss Elsie Ross, Mr. Toller, Mr. Sawin, Miss Mary Donovan, Capt. Heisland of Fort Niagara, and a party including Capt. and Mrs. Irvine, Capt. Myers, Lieut. Loveridge, Miss Sherry, Lieut. Webster, Capt. and Mr. Myers, jr. Unquestionably the three favorites of the evening were Miss Edith Heward, who looked charming in white muslin with mauve ribbons and mauve china asters in her hair; Miss Sherry in white lawn, with white water lilies; and Miss Donovan, one of Baltimore's belles, who looked most captivating in one of the prettiest costumes in the room—pale blue gauze, with a satin stripe of a deeper shade. Refreshments, as usual, were indulged in at twelve.

Rather a novel performance, on a very small scale, took place at Doyle's last Thursday evening. The performers were all of a very juvenile character, but in their respective parts each showed signs of latent talent which, if not neglected, will give them a prominent place among the amateurs of no very distant day. The programme consisted of tableaux, songs and charades, those taking part being: Miss Florrie Heward, who in a very picturesque fancy costume of white and crimson, and a quaint little cap decorated with various indescribable ornamentations on her fluffy hair, was apparently leader and general manager, very efficiently assisted by Miss E. Lockhart, Miss Lizzie Alma, Master Willie Alma and Master Clarence Russell. Those looking on, a small but very select and appreciative audience, were: Mr. F. Coleman, Mr. H. and Mr. C. Lansing, Miss Edith Russell, Miss E. Heward, Mr. W. Gale, Mr. Pedro Alma, Mrs. P. Strathy, Miss Helen Strathy, the Misses Lockhart, and a few others. The little ones were greeted with very hearty and encouraging applause upon each appearance. The old dining room proved a very comfortable audience hall, while the room adjoining, divided by folding doors, was used as a green room and stage.

The hop at the Queen's last Saturday was unusually well attended, owing in some measure, no doubt, to the presence of Sir Alexander and Miss Marjorie Campbell. The ball room was freshly decorated in their honor with the national colors, and those who assembled to welcome the distinguished guests represented the beauty and fashion not only of the town and those at present summering here, but of some of the principal surrounding cities. Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Mr. Leonard and Mr. Louis McMurray, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Dickson, Miss Kingsmill, Mr. W. and Miss Daisy Boulton, the Misses Heward, Mr. H. Hunter, Mr. W. and Miss M. Gale, Mr. H. Lansing, Miss M. Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Burrell, Miss St. John, the Misses Paffard, Mrs. Charles and Miss K. Ball, the Misses Ball, Mr. Gurney, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Mr. and the Misses Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Foy, Mrs. Philip Strathy, Miss Helen Strathy, Miss Rosamond Geddes, Capt. and Mrs. Irvine, Capt. and Mrs. Myers, Lieut. Loveridge, Lieut. Webster, Capt. Eastman, Miss Sherry, Miss Winchester, Miss Donovan, Mr. Wilson, Mr. F. Mundie, Mr. Foller, Miss Malloy, Capt. and Mr. C. Milloy, Mr. H. W. Cawthra, Mr. F. Enyvett, Mr. C. Swabey, Mr. Coulson, Miss Manson. Some of the dresses worn were: Miss Campbell, white and blue sateen; Miss Burnett, pink crepe with silk fringe; Miss Beatty, terra cotta silk; Miss M. Beatty, mauve silk; Miss Gus Foy, cream challis; Mrs. Strathy, white embroidered muslin, yellow sash; Miss Fox, white nun's veiling; Miss Geddes, white nun's veiling and surah; Mrs. W. A. Dickson, mauve and white; Miss K. Ball, black silk and net; Mrs. Irvine, pink silk and white lace; Miss M. Gale, cream mull and lace; Miss Winchester, wine-colored silk; Miss Donavan, blue nun's veiling with brown feather trimming; Mrs. Eastman, black silk and net; Miss Sherry, purple silk; Miss Kingsmill, pink India silk; Miss Paffard, pink nun's veiling, golden brown silk; Miss B. Paffard, lavender surah; Mrs. Merritt, white gauze, pink satin waist; Mrs. Burrell, gray cashmere; Miss Heward, black lace with corsage and shoulder bouquets of white chrysanthemums; Miss Milloy, white cashmere and orange silk; Miss Daisy Boulton, white muslin.

Two capital performances were given at the Amphitheater last week. The first was Prof. Clark's recital on Thursday evening, which was a most thoroughly enjoyable treat, and the other was Mr. Ramsay's concert on Friday evening. Both were remarkably well attended, the unusually large number present at the latter being particularly noticeable. Either Mr. Ramsay or Prof. Clark's name on the programme is always sufficient to attract a large crowd, both being very great favorites with the public. A great improvement was noticeable in the platform last week also. Instead of the hitherto unpicturesque severity of the wide, unadorned platform and grim tier of benches behind, curtains hung across the center, forming a very pretty background for the performers, while artistic hands had draped the front with various colored bunting.

(Continued on page Eleven.)

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Between You and Me.

O not, dear sisters, go to Africa for your summer vacation! You will not find it a recuperative trip in mind, body or pocket-book. Mrs. Sheldon, who left London on some such summer jaunt and whose departure I remember regretting, some time in April or May, has returned a sadder and a wiser woman. Look on this picture and then on that: "Six months ago she was the picture of health, with plump figure, clear, fresh complexion and bright eyes. As she was assisted from the train to-day she seemed twenty years older than half a year ago. Her eyes were deep sunken, the forehead drawn and wrinkled, the complexion a dark and sickly yellow, the cheeks thin and pinched, and the body painfully emaciated. She limped, with the aid of a stout stick, and with several rests, the short distance to the carriage which was awaiting her. Her husband assisted her, but the exertion was a severe one for her, and she was only able to answer briefly a few questions asked by the reporters before she collapsed and sank back among the cushions." I really don't believe that the chance of Kodak snap shots at the King of the Cannibal Islands in his full dress of a bead necklace would tempt you or me to risk coming back with such an appearance as that, and if I were mean I should say to Mrs. Sheldon as she passes, sickly, yellow, skeletonized and a general ruin, "I told you so."

•

There is another proud and surprised woman in Chicago beside that one who planned the lake tunnel—I mean Miss Sophia Hayden—whose plans for the woman's pavilion at the World's Fair have been those chosen by the committee. She was a school ma'am, this surprised and successful lady, and for three weeks gave her spare time to her drawings for the woman's building. Chicago women are going to make a decided advance in woman's work if they continue as they have begun in connection with the World's Fair. Those large feet, of which so much fun is made by reprobate paragraphers, seem to have, at all events, the happy faculty of "getting there."

•

Forgive that lapse into slang, but I was invited last week to the Newsboys' excursion, which will account for it. We had what is called in the Argot of the street corners, "a dilly time." I had often inquired the meaning of "dilly" from my barefooted friends and it has been translated "slick," "jim dandy" and various other arcbic idioms which are to the uninitiated, foolishness. But the newsboy's tone when he speaks leaves no doubt as to his meaning. They have their opinions and express things in an indifferent and beyond-it all way which would be worthy of the *sang froid* of the Vere de Veres. "He wants cuffin," said one conclusively, alluding to the firebrand orator of the Park. "Would yer do ther cuffin'f' inquired a smaller boy sarcastically. "Naw, I don't mind him!" said the first one, good-naturedly superior, "He's like er toy balloon, bound ter bust hisself some day!"

•

"You take in der Sunday School?" asked one of three big fellows.

"I *what!*" and the contempt in the tone of the response attracted me.

"Yes, he do, too, and he's nuts on the teacher—brings her wild flowers and leaves her a paper when he's over. Oh, go way—I know yer!" squealed a little carrot-headed urchin with more freckles and impudence than his face could comfortably hold; and instead of annihilating him the big boy confessed in the following sentence:

"Betcher neck she's a dilly! that's what she is!"

I have rather a particular weakness for newsboys—partly because in the early days of the Mimico school I became very confidentially friendly with a good number—and their confidences have made me more able to understand their successors on the street corners.

•

I wonder is it possible that the French capital will succeed in presenting the Wagnerian operas, and is it at all to be believed that Frau Cosina Wagner will come to Paris and superintend the rehearsals? Every summer during the tourist season in Europe one hears and sees parties wending their way to the little German town of Bayreuth—like pilgrims to a shrine—to enjoy the four hours of sight and sound that can be enjoyed nowhere else as there. Or one runs across those other parties who have just feasted eye and ear, and are mute with satisfaction or garrulous with praise. I hope they will succeed in Paris, but I cannot help doubting. There is something almost devout in the way the Germans enjoy music and one cannot put the new wine of earnest appreciation and grave, thoughtful sympathy into the airy old bottles of French frivolity.

•

The Princess of Wales has had two interesting garden parties this summer, the second of which has just taken place. There were a thousand invited women at each party, who came in a piquant and unusual garb, the plain linen gown and snowy cap of their profession, for they were hospital nurses. And I like these happy groups of pleased and excited and flattered girls with their gracious and sweet-faced hostess and her bright, chattering daughters better than German Willie and his grandmamma, and all the millinery that went to see them. By the way, I saw the strangest account of our Queen's *robe de fete* in one of the Society papers. "The Prince of Wales wore a German officer's uniform and the Queen wore a pair of epaulettes belonging to the uniform which she would wear as Colonel of a German regiment." And it occurred to me to feel a little shocked!

•

Lady Gordon Cumming has been praised and blamed and admired and envied in all quarters since she emerged from the quiet English church, swinging her long suede gloves and on her dainty left hand displaying the golden badge of her loyalty to her Scottish lover. An aristocratic Louisiana mother and a "well fixed" New York father were the parents of the lady fair of whom I append an American description. "She has her father's coloring, his fair hair and skin, earnest blue eyes, fine brow, and round, firm chin. Of medium height, with an erect, rather proud carriage, and look of radiant health, the handsome American has been vastly admired, and has not lacked for opportunities to exchange her beauty and wealth for a titled name. But from her mother her ladyship received an intensity of nature that once resolved upon a certain course, refused to be moved no matter what the consequences might be. She has married her "ain love," and recks little whether the world be pleased or no with her choice."

•

I have received several letters from lady cyclists, written to me since last Saturday's issue of this paper. The same story comes with each, of trials and tumbles, and I am happy to say of triumph over the "wabbling, lurching creature," as one excited writer calls her silent steed, and of the benefit and the pleasure each fair lady takes from her beloved exercise. These letters have come from towns far away from Toronto, but in every case but one the first idea of wheeling came to these women from reading Lady Gay's experience. How proud she is you may imagine of her score of fellow-cyclists, and to one and all she gives best wishes for the future and hearty thanks for their kind invitations to "come and see us, and bring your byke."

•

There has been a great deal of talk lately about perfumes. One magazine describes the hypodermic injection of strong scents, faint fragrance of which oozes through the pores for days or even weeks. Another describes the scented lining for bureau drawers and the long wadded scented bags to hang inside dress skirts when turned inside out and hung up, with smaller packets to fold away with bodices. I have a very strong dislike to perfume, except as an adjunct to the bath when Florida, Cologne or Lavender water are certainly refreshing. A woman who smells always of violets, or of white rose, or of heliotrope may be possible and seductive in a book, but always impresses me with an unhealthy feeling. I don't like people to smell of anything, not stealthy perfun.e or loudly pronounced food or drink, or stale tobacco smoke. A young man sat beside me some weeks ago in church who smelt of soap; his face shone as Moses' did, his reddened ears had a polish on them, his hair was stiff and wiry with dried soapsuds, and I sniffed the sniff of the scornful and wished myself at home. Perfect cleanliness, well rinsed, smells of nothing and that's what I like best.

LADY GAY.

A Stolen Heart.

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine,
For if from yours you will not part
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet, now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain,
For thou'ds a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out,
For, when I think I'm most resolved,
I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine,
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she has mine.

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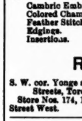

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Der feller dot lifs on der bustle of der vorldt poty seon goes der style out yoost der same.

Too much many fellers vas shduck on der glitterin' varnish which vas on der surface of der vorldt's outside.

Dhere vas more counderfeits of wirtue as dhere vas on der two time national banks, und dond you forgot it also.

It vas a goot ting to tink poety vell of a cause dot vas goot by its own self und vhich hafe plaindy benefit for mankindz.

Original Terms.

The life of a probate judge in Wyandotte county is not all roses. The Kansas City *Gazette* reports the following occurrence in his office recently: "Are you the judge of reprobates?" said an old lady as she walked into Judge Monahan's office.

"I am the judge of probate," was the reply.

"Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the old lady. "You see, my husband died detested and left me several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."

A False Accusation.

She—The price of the berries is as high as the bottom of tha box.

Vendor (earnestly): 'Deed they ain't, lady, 'deed they ain't.

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Kidney Disease	Urinary Diseases
Female Complaints	General Ill-Health

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THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER XIV.

MOTHER AND SON.

The funeral of the Earl of Harrowdean had been a great function. Statesmen of the highest rank and reputation had followed the deceased peer to the grave. Deputations from all classes of society had begged for leave to attend, and the most exalted personage in the state had herself been represented by a near kinsman. The long line of mourning and private carriages had blocked all traffic in the streets through which it had passed, and many of the great West end establishments and clubs had draped their windows in funeral gloom. On the Tower of London, and all the military arsenals and depots around, the Union Jack floated half mast high. England's most eloquent and learned prelate had pronounced an eulogy over his grave, which had thrilled as a dry eye amongst the whole of that vast assemblage, and which had made the hearts even of strangers burn and throb with indignation against the cold-blooded assassin whose midnight crime had taken such a life. As a statesman, a philanthropist, a nobleman, and a Christian, the Earl of Harrowdean was held up as an example to his order and to all men, and in a peroration which those who heard it never forgot the preacher touched chords in the hearts of many which had never vibrated before. The names of those who pressed upon the bereaved widow and her only son their respectful heartfelt sympathy, included the names of all the noblest in the land, and the wreaths which poured in from Covent Garden, from the country, and from foreign parts Royalty, made the air of the great cathedral heavy with the perfume, and formed such a collection of floral offerings as had never before been seen.

When all was over and the mortal remains of the Earl of Harrowdean had been placed under the earth, the public mind began to turn from sympathetic grief to strong resentment. The murderer must be discovered, must be hunted down, or the prestige of the English police was gone for ever. All speculations as to his personal identity were put a stop to by Neillson's flight and continued absence. It could bear but one construction—guilt. Neillson was the name in everyone's mouth who talked about the murder at all. Neillson was clearly and undoubtedly the murderer. Neillson must be discovered.

At first Scotland Yard had been very confident about the matter. His description had gare out, was only the matter of a few hours. He had had too brief a start to make his escape. Every railway station in London and every port in Great Britain was watched by tried detectives, and to have shown himself at any of them must have been instantly fatal, however good his disguise. A contrite letter was drawn around the little house in Holloway, where a married sister of his was known to live. His description hung in every police station and flashed all over England along the telegraph wires. A photograph was discovered amongst his effects, and in an incredibly short space of time a thousand were issued and distributed. The numbers of the missing notes drawn by the Earl of Harrowdean from his bank on the morning of his murder were in every bank manager's hands, and were on the bills which announced him as "wanting." Scotland Yard laughed at the idea of failure. Plans were perfect.

But a day passed, two days, three days, and as yet nothing had been done. Two arrests were made, but the suspected persons turning out to be a highly respectable lawyer's clerk and a commercial traveler, they were speedily released amidst a shower of apologies. The day of the funeral had come and gone; and on the day after the day of Lord Alceston's visit to his friend Thornton, a fresh placard was circulated throughout the country and hung in vivid black and white upon every wall and hoarding in London. Lord Alceston had taken his friend's advice and followed his own inclination. He had offered one thousand pounds reward for the apprehension of Philip Neillson.

This had been done on the morning of his visit to the Bethnal Green road; in the afternoon, after his return home, he was told that his mother wished to speak to him. He went straight to her room.

She rose to greet him, a tall stately figure in her deep crape dress and widow's garb. The dark sombreness of her attire seemed to display more clearly the transparency of her complexion and the majesty of her wonderful carriage. Even her son, who was preparing for the battle which he knew was coming, could not restrain a thrill of admiration as he looked at her, and he began to understand what the society papers meant when they raved about the ever-young, the beautiful matron, the beautiful Countess of Harrowdean. There was no doubt about it. She was still a beautiful woman. At forty-five—she could scarcely be less—she could still hold her own against women many years her junior.

Lord Alceston admired his mother, admired her very much indeed. With what other feelings he regarded her, however, he scarcely himself knew. Their relations had always been the relations of a society mother to a society son. There had always been a certain amount of sympathy between them, but there was no common ground on which they were wont to meet. They had been on friendly terms always, but then there had never been either occasion or opportunity for difference. Lord Alceston's father, far back in the days of Lord Alceston's childhood, there had been some glimmerings of a more natural, more spontaneous affection, but it had been so long ago that he had come to look upon it as a memory, and a memory only. At that moment, as she rose to meet him, and they stood face to face in the dusky twilight of the darkened room, he had almost forgotten that she was his mother. The one thought in his mind was that this woman had become dim, secret knowledge, perhaps not knowledge, but at any rate suspicion, which she was refusing to share with him. There was no room for any other thought. It never occurred to him to suspect her of the least complicity in his father's murder, or of any actual knowledge of the guilty persons; but still she knew something, which might, if properly used, afford him a clue. What her reasons for withholding it might be, he could not imagine. He did not try to. Simply he felt that if she did not meet him frankly and tell him all she knew, she was no mother of his. She could be nothing but his enemy.

There was no attempt at any ordinary greeting between them. He stood on one end of the hearth-rug, upright and frowning, with his eyes bent searchingly upon her white marble face, as though striving to penetrate the mask, which he felt convinced was the result of her unnatural calm. She, with her rich black draperies falling around her in a sea of graceful curves, stood facing him for a moment, her dark eyes meeting his without a quiver, and her thin lips pressed tightly together. Then, drawing her skirts around her with a slow, graceful movement, she sank back towards into the easy chair from which she had risen at his entrance.

"You sent for me, mother," he said, shortly.

"I did. Thank you for coming so quickly." He shrugged his shoulders.

"You need not. I was as anxious to come as you could have been to see me. You have made up your mind to tell me?"

"I have nothing to tell you. I sent for you for another reason."

"I am sorry to hear it. As to your having nothing to tell, I don't agree with you. You could tell me a great deal. You could, if you chose, help me to clear up the mystery of my father's death, of your husband's murder."

"You are mistaken," she answered. "I know nothing."

"And if you did you would not tell me?"

"And if I did I should not tell you," she answered. "I am not revengeful. I am sorry to see that you are."

He had determined that he would keep his temper, and he kept it; but it was no easy matter.

"Revengeful is scarcely the word," he answered quietly, "I want justice. But you did not send for me to discuss this. I suppose there was something else?"

"Yes, there was. They tell me that a reward has been offered for—for——"

"For Neill'n's arrest," he interrupted quietly. "Yes, I have offered a thousand pounds reward."

She took up a fan and half hid her face as though to screen it from the fire.

"You are doing a foolish thing," she said. "You know that Neillson could not have had anything to do with it."

"On the contrary," he answered, "it is very clear that he had something to do with it. I will not say he was the actual murderer, perhaps not. But one thing is very certain, he knows all about it."

"If you think him he will not tell you."

He smiled incredulously. "We shall see about that. The law will have a hold upon him."

There was a brief silence. Then, with a sudden, swift movement she rose from her chair, and before he had had time to make up his mind what she was about to do she was on her knees before him, her dark eyes gleaming with tears, and her features convulsed with a sudden storm of passion. Her hands clasped his knees—her whole attitude spoke of wild abandonment. The change amazed him. He would have started backwards but she would not let him go. He sat bolt upright down upon her disheveled face, and listening to her passionate words with a strange sense of unreality creeping over him. Surely this could not be his mother, this weeping, suppliant woman.

"Bernard," she cried, "for God's sake listen to me. I beseech you, I warn you for your own sake, as well as mine, to do as I ask you. Let to the detectives. Don't let them find out anything, if you can help it. Don't help them. Withdraw that reward. Oh, you don't know what you are doing! You can't know! Have you thought anything about it at all? You cannot think that he was murdered for that miserable money? Oh, this will kill me; will kill me," she cried, wringing her hands.

He tried to raise her, but she would not move. She grovelled at his feet, and her agony brought the tears into his eyes. Strong in his purpose though he was, he could not help being moved.

"Mother," he cried, trying in vain to lift her, "if he was not murdered for that money, what was he murdered for? Can you tell me that?"

"Yes, yes," she cried. "I could tell you, but God knows that I would sooner die at this moment, here at your feet, than that you should know."

"There is a history, then, a secret, and you know it?"

"I know nothing; but I can guess. Bernard, listen to me. Think of your father as the whole world thinks of him; think how every paper is full of his praises, remember that sermon yesterday. They holds him up as an example to his order and to all men—honest, virtuous, loyal, a Christian, all that a man should be, almost without a fault. What should you think of the man who taught them to think otherwise, who pointed to some dark spot in his life which none had known of, and which made men shrink from him at which they had spoken of him, and shake their heads at the very mention of his name? What should you think of such a man?"

"Think of him! I should curse him from the bottom of my heart," cried Lord Alceston bitterly.

"Then Bernard be careful lest you should be that one. You seek to penetrate the mystery of his death, you may drag into the light fragments of a past which he has given up to rightly explain, and which unexplained might damn for ever his memory in men's thoughts. Oh, listen to me! I tell you I warn you! I warn you! You are the earthly trustee of his reputation. Blameless or sinful, there is a part of his life from which the curtain must never be lifted, least of all by clumsy unthinking fingers groping in the dark."

Her voice had gathered force, had risen from a nervous tremulous whisper to an impassioned cry which seemed to fill the darkened room, and which rang and burned in his ears with strange thrilling effect. He moved a little away from her and looked into her wild beautiful face, on which the firelight was casting strange, lurid gleams, half fascinated, half frightened. Resistance, anger, entreaties, he had expected from her, but this was something different. There was the ring of truth in her passionate words. What did it all mean? What could it mean?

"Mother, I cannot believe this," he cried at last, in a low, hoarse tone. "You—you must be dreaming. My father's—his life has been a public one, before the eyes of all men. There could have been nothing behind it. Oh, it is horrible sacrilege to hint at such things! I can never believe it."

She rose slowly to her feet, and moved away till her dark figure was almost lost in the shadows of the room. His eyes followed her wonderingly. When she returned she held in her right hand a small black book.

"You are hard, Bernard," she said, "very hard to convince. See, I swear that every word I have uttered is truth. If you go on with your search, and if you succeed, you will blacken for ever your father's memory. I do not say that this will be justice. I do not say that ever in his life he committed knowingly one single sin. But if you discover anything at all you will discover but a part, the other part could only be explained by lips which are silent for ever. The sin, or what will seem like sin, you will publish to the world; the justification the world can never know. As I live this is so. I swear it. I am your mother, Bernard, and I swear it."

"Then if it be so," he answered, "I must know all. Then I will judge for myself. I must share your knowledge, mother, whatever it may be."

She threw herself back in her chair with a little hysterical cry, and covered her face with her hands.

"I cannot tell you," she moaned, "I can never tell you."

"You must either tell me, or—or——"

"Or you will go on with your purpose?"

"I shall."

She made no reply. For several minutes there was a deep silence in the little apartment. Then as though rousing himself from a deep fit of abstraction, he drew himself up and pushed back his high-backed oaken chair against which he had been leaning.

"Mother," he said, "you have nothing more to say to me? I am going."

She let him reach the door before she spoke. Then her voice, weak and shaking, barely reached him, and seemed like a whisper from a long distance. He turned around at once. She was against the mantelpiece and with a ghastly look in her white face.

"You have brought this upon yourself," she said, speaking hoarsely and as though with great difficulty. "Come here, closer, closer."

He moved to her side, and in obedience to the nervous clutch of her fingers upon his coat sleeve bowed his head until it was almost on a level with her lips. Even then she looked unearthly around the room before she spoke, her dark, unnaturally brilliant eyes traveling restlessly around it and lingering suspiciously in every dark corner.

"No one can possibly overhear you, mother," he said, a little impatiently, yet awed in spite of himself by her strange manner.

Her white, quivering lips almost touched his ears. They moved, slowly at first, then quickly, and the words streamed out in a hoarse, agitated whisper. They ceased, and she drew back frightened and gasping to watch their effect. His face was suddenly white and haggard, and great beads of perspiration hung upon his forehead. But blank incredulity struggled to the front, expressed itself in a frantic, passionate tumult of words which seemed as though it must overwhelm all opposition. She listened and the white, pitiless lips moved again. Then there was silence, deep, intense silence, broken only at times by her low, spasmodic sobbing. It was the sobbing of a broken heart. Nothing could be worse than this. He knew.

CHAPTER XV.

£1,000 REWARD WITHDRAWN.

A few minutes before midnight Stephen Thornton rang the bell of the great house in Grosvenor square and asked to see Lord Alceston. He was shown at once into a small study on the ground floor, and in a few minutes was joined by his friend.

Thornton was not a man of keen sympathies, nor was he naturally an observant man, but when he saw Lord Alceston enter the room he rose to his feet with a quick exclamation.

"My dear man," he said, in a pitying tone, "how pale you look! You ought to be in bed. I'm sorry I came so late; I ought to have put it off until to-morrow."

Lord Alceston sank into an easy chair and shook his head.

"I'm glad you didn't put it off," he said. "I have been expecting you. I shouldn't have gone to bed if you had come. I am anxious to hear what happened after I left you."

"I'll tell you directly. May I have a brandy and seltzer first, though? I've come straight from Whitechapel."

"Of course."

Lord Alceston rang the bell and the brandy and seltzer were brought. Thornton helped himself and passed a tumblerful across the table.

"I'll not speak a word until you have drunk that down," he said. "Why, your lips are blue and you are shaking all over. Is anything fresh the matter?"

"No; that is, nothing of consequence. I'm not very well."

He took up the tumbler and drained it. Thornton took out a cigar case and passed it him.

"Try one of these. You'll find a smoke will do you good," he said. "There, that's better. You look more yourself now. Do you know you quite frightened me when you first came in. And now for my news, such news as it is. It's a wonder I'm here to tell it. They took me for a detective or a spy down at the Rising Sun, and wanted to mob me. Only just got off."

"Ah!" Lord Alceston made no further remark, and Thornton continued:

"I haven't been altogether unsuccessful," he said. "In the first place I know the name of the man who had her buried, and who attended her funeral. Here it is, Leopold de Feurget, Chandos street, he said, throwing a piece of paper across the table.

Lord Alceston's fingers closed upon it, and he nodded. To all appearance he might have been a quite uninterested listener to Thornton's recital. But Thornton was used to studying men's faces, and he knew that it was otherwise.

"Of the three men who seem to have visited the woman on the night of her murder I have found out nothing as yet of importance, but what I have heard is mysterious. This murder was no common one, Alceston. Nor were those visitors common men. I have made no mistake in this direction. Scotland Yard will have done all that I daresay."

He looked across at his friend, as though fearful that he would be disappointed. But Lord Alceston did not appear disappointed.

"I have been making inquiries in another direction," Thornton continued. "From the talk which went on in the tavern I learned that there was one person with whom the murdered woman had occasionally talked, and was supposed to be to a certain extent her confidant. I went to see that woman."

"Did she tell you anything?"

"Not much. But she astonished me more than I was ever astonished in my life.

"How? What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you. I found her in an attic working at her trade. A tailoress she is. She absolutely refused to answer one of my questions. I offered her money, a good deal of money, but she still refused. Just as I was leaving her she called me back.

"'Who was the young gentleman with you in — street to-day,' she asked. I saw no reason for concealment, so told her your name. "'Tell him,' she said, 'that if he will come to me, alone, I will tell him all I know about the murdered woman.' I couldn't get another word out of her, nor any explanation, so I came away. Her name and address is on that piece of paper, too—Sall Greenwood, 4 Crane's court, Fitchett street, Whitechapel."

Lord Alceston's fingers closed over the piece of paper, and he transferred it to his waistcoat pocket. Then he resumed his former position, his face half shaded with his hand.

"Anything else?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Important?"

"Very."

Lord Alceston changed his position uneasily.

"What is it?" he asked.

Thornton leaned across the table, and looked very grave indeed.

"I discovered something—almost by accident—which seems as though it were indeed a link between the two murders."

"And the link is?"

"Neillson."

Lord Alceston drew a long breath, and the color came back to his cheeks.

"Tell me about it," he said.

"That's very soon done. It seemed to me that the cross-examination of Mrs. Judkin, the landlady, at the inquest, was very weak and as I passed the house on my way back I went in and saw her."

"Yes."

"I frightened her."

"Yes."

"And I made her acknowledge that she had secreted something which she had found in the dead woman's room."

"Yes! What was it?"

Thornton took a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket and threw it across the table.

"A fifty pound note," he said quietly, "and the number is 202096."

Lord Alceston repeated the number as though not appreciating its significance.

"Don't you remember," Thornton said, "that is the number of one of the notes which your father, the Earl of Harrowdean, drew from Coutts's on the morning of his murder, and which Neillson evidently decamped with?"

Lord Alceston grasped the note tightly in his fingers and sat back in his chair. For a moment or two the room seemed to be swimming round him, and there was a low buzzing in his ears. Then he felt a cool hand upon his forehead and some hot liquid streaming down his throat. With a great effort he willed himself together and sat up.

"I'm all right, thanks," he said weakly. "I'll sit quite still for a minute or two."

There was a short silence. Then Lord Alceston got up.

"Thornton," he said, "I asked you to help me in this, and you've done so like a brick. I'm immensely obliged to you."

"That's all right," Thornton answered. "I'm glad we've been so fortunate. We've made a good start, at any rate."

"And the start must be the finish," Lord Alceston said slowly. "Thornton, I want to drop this—drop it altogether. I want what we have found out to remain a profound secret, buried 'tween us two."

Thornton was a man whom it was not easy to surprise, but he started and looked at his friend incredulously.

"Do you mean this?" he asked slowly.

"I do."

"You mean to say that now the clue is in your hands, you want to throw it up? You don't intend to follow it?"

"I do mean that. I have the strongest reasons."

"What are they?"

"I cannot tell you, Thornton, you must take my word."

"You may be mistaken. You may have got hold of some false idea."

"I am not mistaken."

"I'm not at all sure that we shouldn't be liable to be indicted for conspiracy."

"I will take the risk of that."

Thornton thought for a moment, and then shrugged his shoulders.

"Very good; you are the most interested in this matter, of course, and you shall have your own way. But I tell you frankly that I don't understand this, and I don't like it. Good night."

He left somewhat abruptly, for he was annoyed; and he was one of those men who never like to be thwarted in their annoyance. But Lord Alceston knew that he would keep his word, and he let him go without further protest.

On the following morning the papers contained a somewhat strange announcement. The reward of one thousand pounds for the discovery of Philip Neillson had been withdrawn without any explanation. The inference was obvious. The authorities no longer believed in his guilt, and though Scotland Yard was not supposed to be affected by the offering of the reward at all, the search for the missing man became weak and half-hearted. The one possible clue was swept away, and the murderers of the Earl of Harrowdean and of the unknown woman in the East End were still at large. The papers had plenty to say about it, and Scotland Yard very little. The chief inspector of the latter was worried almost out of his senses. But perhaps Stephen Thornton was of all men the most perplexed.

(To be Continued.)

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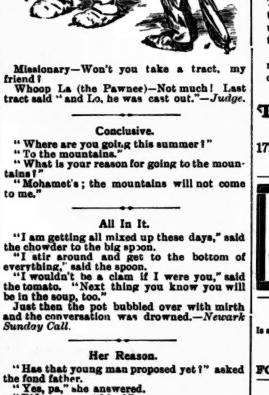


Missionary—Won't you take a tract, my friend?

Whoop La (the Pawnee)—Not much! Last tract said "Ah, he was cast out."—*Judge.*

Conclusive.

"Where are you going this summer?"

"To the mountains."

"What is your reason for going to the mountains?"

"Mohamet's; the mountains will not come to me."

All In It.

"I am getting all mixed up these days," said the chowder to the big spoon.

"I stir around and get to the bottom of everything," said the spoon.

"I wouldn't be a clam if I were you," said the tomato. "Next thing you know you will be in the soup."

Just then the pot bubbled over with mirth and the conversation was drowned.—*Newark Sunday Call.*

Her Reason.

"Has that young man proposed yet?" asked the fond father.

"Yes, pa," she answered.

"Did you accept him?"

"No, pa; because, you see, he didn't propose to me."

An Afflicted Female.

Judge Duffy (to female witness)—What is your age, Madame?

Witness (hesitatingly)—I have seen sixteen summers.

Judge Duffy—How many years were you blind?

They Were All Americans.

Some times since three tall Americans—Mr. Robinson, six feet high, and the Rev. Phillips Brooks, six feet two inches high, both of Boston, and the Rev. Dr. McVicker, six feet four inches, of Philadelphia—made, in company, a trip to England. En route, they determined that when they should reach England they would travel apart lest three such tall men together might provoke remark. On arriving at a well known town in Yorkshire and learning that a lecture was to be delivered to working men on America, the three determined to be present. Entering the hall separately they took seats apart. As the lecture proceeded, his utter ignorance of America soon became manifest to the three Americans. Finally, however, a statement concerning the size of Americans was too absurd to be endured in silence. The speaker had barely time to conclude a sentence asserting that Americans are proverbially short of stature, never exceeding at the utmost five feet ten inches, when Mr. Robinson arose and said:

"My friends, I am an American, and, as you see, I measure fully six feet. If there is any other American who happens just now to be in the house, I request him to stand up."

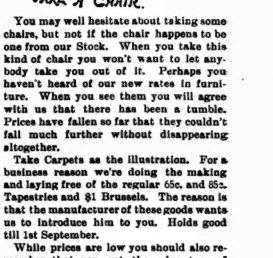
An expression of surprise was followed by roars of laughter as the Rev. Phillips Brooks arose and said:

"I am an American, and my size, six feet two inches, occasions no particular remark in America. If there is any other American in the house, I in turn request him to stand up."

After a lapse of a few seconds, in order to give the lecturer a little time to recover himself, Dr. McVicker slowly raised his majestic figure to its full height of six feet four, and began:

"I am an Am——"

But this was too much, and he could not get any further. The audience had lost all control of themselves, and the speaker's disappearance from the stage brought the entertainment to a premature close.



You may well hesitate about taking some chairs, but not if the chair happens to be one from our Stock. When you take this kind of chair you won't want to let anybody take one out of it. Perhaps you haven't heard of our new rates in furniture. When you see them you will agree with us that there has been a tumble. Prices have fallen so far that they couldn't fall much further without disappearing altogether.

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Uncle Tom Barker.

Uncle Tom Barker was much of a man. He had been wild and reckless, and feared not God nor regarded man, but one day at a camp-meeting, while Bishop Gaston was shaking up the sinners and scorching them over the infernal pit, Tom got alarmed, and before the meeting was over he professed religion and became a zealous, outspoken convert, and declared his intention of going forth into the world and preaching the gospel. He was terribly in earnest, for he said he had lost a power of time and must make it up. Tom was a rough talker, but he was a good one, and knew right smart of "scripter," and a good many of the old-fashioned hymns by heart. The conference thought he was a pretty good fellow to send out into the border country among the settlers, and so Tom straddled his old flea-bitten gray, and in due time was circuit riding in North Mississippi.

In course of time Tom acquired notoriety, and from his strong language and energetic gestures and his muscular eloquence, they called him old Sledge Hammer, and after awhile, old Sledge, for short, and way down in one corner of his territory there was a blacksmith shop and a wagon shop and a whisky shop and a postoffice at Bill Jones' crossroads; and Bill kept all of them, and was feared far and wide as Devil Bill Jones, so as to distinguish him from Squire Bill, the magistrate. Devil Bill had sworn that no preacher should ever toot a horn or sing a hymn in the settlement, and if any of the cussed hypocrites ever dared to stop at the crossroads, he'd shake his damn a-scrupine and sing a hymn, and whip him besides. And Bill Jones meant just what he said, for he had a mortal hate for the men of God. It was reasonably supposed that Bill could and would do what he said, for his trade at the anvil had made him strong, and every body knew that he had as much brute courage as was necessary. And so Uncle Tom was advised to take roundance and never tackle the crossroads. He accepted the advice a time, and left the people to the bad influence of Devil Bill; but it seemed to him he was not doing the Lord's will, and whenever he thought of the women and children living in darkness and growing up in infidelity, he would groan.

One night he prayed over it with great earnestness, and vowed to do the Lord's work if the Lord would give him light, and it seemed to him as he rose from his knees that there was no longer any doubt—he must go. Tom Barker never dallied about anything when his mind was made up. He went right at it like killing snakes; and so next morning as a "nabor" passed on his way to Bill's shop, Uncle Tom said:

"My friend, will you please carry a message to Bill Jones for me? He may tell him that if the Lord is willin', I will be at the crossroads to preach next Saturday at eleven o'clock, and I am shore the Lord is willin'. Tell him to please 'notice' it in the settlement, and spread an ax the women and children to come. Tell Bill Jones I will stay at his house, God willin', and I'm shore he's willin', and I'll preach Sunday, too, if things git along harmonious."

When Bill Jones got the message he was amazed, astounded, and his indignation knew no bounds. He raved and cursed at the "onsult," as he called it—the "onsulting message of old Sledge"—and he swore that he would hunt up and whip him, for he knowed that he wouldn't dare to come to the crossroads.

But the "nabers" whispered it around that Old Sledge would come, for he was never known to make an appointment and break it; and there was an old horse thief who used to run with Murrel's gang, who said he used to know Tom Barker when he was a sinner and had seen him fight, and he was much of a man.

So it spread like wildfire that Old Sledge was coming, and Devil Bill was "gwine" to whip him and make him dance a jig to Bill's fiddle, and treat to a gallon of peach brandy besides.

Devil Bill had his enemies, of course, for he was a hard man, and one way or another had gobbled up all of the surplus of the "naborhood" and had given nothing in exchange but whisky, and these enemies had long hoped for somebody to come and take him down, and, too, circulated the astounding news, and, without committing themselves to either party, said that he—I would bet—would be there at the crossroads, and that Old Sledge or the Devil would have to go under.

On Friday the settlers began to drop into the crossroads under pretense of business, but really to get the bottom facts of the rumors that were afloat.

Devil Bill knew full well what they came for, and he talked and cursed more furiously than usual, and swore that anybody who would come expecting to see Old Sledge to morrow was an infernal fool, for he wasn't a-coming. He laid bare his strong arms and shook his strong arms and shook his long hair and said he wished the lying, deceitful hypocrite would come, for it had been nigh on to fourteen years since he had made a preacher dance.

Saturday morning by nine o'clock the settlers began to gather. They came on foot and on horseback, and in carts—men, women and children, and before eleven o'clock there were more people at the crossroads than had ever been there before. Bill Jones was mad at their credulity, but he had an eye to business, and kept behind his counter and sold more whisky in an hour than he had sold in a month. As the appointed hour drew near the settlers began to look down the long, straight road that Old Sledge would come, if he came at all, and every man whose head came in sight just over the rise of the distant hill was closely scrutinized.

More than once they said, "Yonder he comes—that's him, shore." But no, it wasn't he.

Some half a dozen had old bull's-eye silver watches, and they compared time, and just at 10:55 o'clock the old horse thief exclaimed:

"I see Tom Barker a risin' of the hill. I hain't seed him for eleven years, but, gintlemen, that ar' him, or I'm a liar."

And it was he.

As he got nearer and nearer, a voice seemed to be coming with him, and some said, "He's talkin' to himself;" another said, "He's a-talkin' to God Almighty," and another said, "I'll be durned if he ain't a-praying," but very soon it was decided that he was "singin' of a hime."

Bill Jones was soon advised of all this, and, coming up to the front, said: "Darned if he ain't singing before I axed him, but I'll make him sing another tune till he is tired. I'll pay him for his onsulting message. I'm not a-gwine to kill him, boys. I'll leave life in his rotten old carcass, but that's all. I'll tell you what you want to hear Old Sledge preach, you'll have to go ten miles from the roads to do it."

Slowly and solemnly the preacher came. As he drew near he narrowed down his tune and looked kindly upon the crowd. He was a massive man in frame, and had a heavy suit of dark brown hair; but his face was clean-shaved and showed a nose and lips and chin of firmness and great determination.

"Look at him, boys, and mind your eye," said the horse thief.

"Where will I find my friend, Bill Jones?" inquired Old Sledge.

All around they pointed him to the man.

Riding up close he said: "My friend and brother, the good Lord has sent me to you, and I ask your hospitality for myself and my beast," and he slowly dismounted and faced his foe as though expecting a kind reply.

The crisis had come and Bill Jones met it.

"You infernal old hypocrite; you cussed old shaved-faced scoundrel; didn't you know that I had swored an oath that I would make you sing and dance, and whip you besides if you ever dared to p zen these cross-roads with your shoe-tracks! Now sing, d——n you, sing, and dance as you sing," and he emphasized his command with a ringing slap with his open hand upon the parson's face.

Old Sledge recoiled with pain and surprise. Recovering in a moment, he said:

"Well, Brother Jones, I did not expect so warm a welcome, but if this be your crossroads manners I suppose I must sing," and as Devil Bill gave him another slap on his other jaw he began with:

"My soul, be on thy guard."

And with his long arm suddenly and swiftly gave Devil Bill an open hander that nearly knocked him off his seat, while the parson continued to sing in a splendid tenor voice:

"Ten thousand foes arise."

Never was a lion more aroused to frenzy than was Bill Jones. With his powerful arm he made at Old Sledge as if to annihilate him with one blow, and many horrid oaths, but the parson fended off the stroke as easily as a practiced boxer, and with his left hand dealt Bill a settler on his peepers as he continued to sing:

"Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er."

But Jones was plucky to desperation, and the settlers were watching with bated breath.

The crisis was at hand, and he squared himself, and his clenched fists flew thick and fast upon the parson's frame, and for a while disturbed his equilibrium and his song. But he rallied quickly and began the offensive, as he sang:

"Ye'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down——"

He backed his adversary squarely to the wall of his shop, and seized him by the throat, and mauled him as he sang:

"Fight on, my soul, till death——"

Well, the long and the short of it was, that Old Sledge whipped him and humbled him to the ground and then lifted him up and helped to restore him, and begged a thousand pardons.

When Devil Bill had retired to his house and was being cared for by his wife, Old Sledge mounted a stump in front of the shop and preached righteousness, and temperance, and judgment to come, to that people.

He closed his solemn discourse with a brief history of his own sinful life before his conversion and his humble work for the Lord ever since, and he besought his hearers to stop and think—"Stop, poor sinner, stop and think," he cried in alarming tones.

There were a few men and many women in that crowd who, from long unused to the melting mood, dropped tears of repentance at the preacher's kind and tender exhortation. Bill Jones's wife, poor woman, had crept humbly into the outskirts of the crowd, for she had long treasured the memories of her childhood, when she, too, had gone with her good mother to hear preaching. In secret she had pined and lamented her husband's hatred for religion and for preachers. After she had washed the blood from his swollen face and dressed his wounds, she asked him if she might go down and hear the preacher. For a minute he was silent and seemed to be dumb with amazement. He had never been whipped before and had suddenly lost confidence in himself and his infidelity.

"Go 'long, Sally," he answered. "If he can talk like he can fight and sing, maybe the Lord did send him. It's all mighty strange to me," and he groaned in anguish. His animosity seemed to have changed into an anxious wondering curiosity, and after Sally had gone he left his bed and drew near to the window where he could hear.

Old Sledge made an earnest, soul-reaching prayer, and his pleading with the Lord for Bill Jones's salvation and that of his wife and children reached the window where Bill was sitting, and he heard it. His wife returned in tears and took a seat beside him, and sobbed her heart's distress, but said nothing. Bill bore it for awhile in thoughtful silence, and then putting his bruised and trembling hand on hers, said: "Sally, if the Lord sent Old Sledge here, and maybe he did—I reckon you had better look after his horse." And sure enough, Old Sledge stayed there that night and held family prayer, and the next day he preached from the piazza to a great multitude, and sang his favorite hymn:

"Am I a soldier of the Cross?"

And when he got to the third verse his untutored but musical voice seemed to be lifted a little higher as he sang:

"Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord."

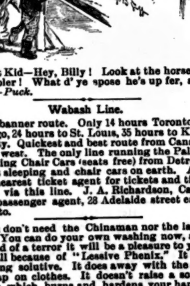
Devil Bill was converted and became a changed man. He joined the church, and closed his grocery and helped to build a meeting house, and it was always said and believed that Old Sledge manied the grace into his unbelieving soul, and it never would have got in any other way.—*Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.*

"Noble Work."

It was always good evidence of a frank and sincere nature to overdome prejudice so as to tell the truth, and when the truth is told, there is but one opinion, like the following: "Kansas City, Mo., U. S. A., November 15, 1893. Gentlemen,—I am pleased to say that my wonderful remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, has done its noble work. I am able to move around, being entirely free from pain (neuralgia). When my associates I am often asked what in the world brought me round in such perfect health, and in reply I tell them it was your valuable medicine. Jas. W. Lang, M.D."

Doctors generally are reluctant to speak out, but there are many exceptions like the above, where physicians frankly acknowledge the merit of the great remedy.

In Prison Garb.



First Kid—Hey, Billy! Look at the horse in the cooler! What d' ye spose he's up fer, any how?—*Puck.*

Wabash Line.

The banner route. Only 14 hours Toronto to Chicago, 24 hours to St. Louis, 35 hours to Kansas City. Quickest and best route from Canada to the west. The only line running the Palace Reclining Chair Cars (seats free) from Detroit. First class sleeping and chair cars on earth. Ask your nearest ticket agent for tickets and time tables via this line. J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

You don't need the Chinaman nor the laundry. You can do your own washing now, and instead of a terror it will be a pleasure to you. And all because of "Lessive Phenix." It is a washing solutive. It does away with the use of soap on clothes. It doesn't raise a soapy lather, which burns and hardens your hands and injures the clothes, like the old chemical powder. It is so emollient you can use it in a bath; and it will produce both, fair skin. You can use it on almost anything. Directions with every package. Ask your grocer.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—Correspondence Columns Saturday Night Office.]

Correspondents desiring graphological studies are requested to observe the following rules: 1. Quotations are not studied. 2. Postal cards are not studied. 3. Small clippings from letters are not studied. 4. Only one enclosure can be used at with each letter. 5. Letters are answered as nearly as possible in their turn. By noticing and adhering to these rules editor and correspondents will be saved a great deal of trouble.

Enigma.—Scraps are not studied.

Mildred.—Address M. and Emma J. See rules.

Birdie, Toronto.—Such a meagre study is not worth delineating. Try again.

Eudora Clarence.—Your chirography is rather more gaudy than neat. I hope I have translated your signature correctly. Did you wish a delineation of character from your handwriting? If so, please say so.

Roat O'Moore.—Your very legible writing shows good energy, severeness of temper, some intuitive perception, great hope and constancy. Are you very old Rory? I think not, and that your hand is not formed enough for a study that will do it justice.

Helen.—Yes, I can safely recommend the person you mention. I have tried five different makes, and settled on that as the most reliable. I put aside your letter to see if anyone at once when it came, and somehow it got back into its proper sequence, and was not seen again until to-day.

Jack.—The tenacity of a bull-dog, the mirth of a jester, the self-esteem of a peacock, and a kind in quick order, love of talk, strong perception, optimism, and a pleasing manner and a love of all life's good things. That delineation is more than your brevity deserves. I got some of it from the writing.

Thistle.—Writing shows candor, generosity, ideality, truthfulness, a fine and frank character, apt to be duplex slave, and one worthy of honor, has some determined opinions, perhaps not quite orthodox and quite a strong will to have your own way. Have you convinced him that what is yours is the best of its kind? I fancy so, my prickly friend.

Birdie, Sherbrooke.—Writing shows very easygoing, hopful and even temper, care and candor, some perception and sympathy. You have your dreams, and yet can look out in a practical way for yourself. Your judgment seems to always just, though never sharp or unkind. You are moderately fond of creature comforts, not too much apt to bear neglect silently, and you like Birdie very dearly.

Muriel.—Writing shows great ideality and some tact and orderliness. It is not a disguised hand, but it is not markedly hopful, but has a good stock of pluck and courage, and is strong to meet many tests. Write me in the case of your friend, if he is some pessimist, she has dignity and self-control. Has probably some unusual opinions, and is apt to be a little cynical in front of the world, but underneath is a tender and cheerful nature. You are sunny and sweet-tempered, and almost sure to make friends; have sufficient perseverance, and though you are not as methodical and careful as you might be, still a too prim method would never suit your bright and ingenious personality.

An English Matron.—If you are very slight make a plain roundabout skirt of dark blue wiry serge, with a facing of slippery silesia inside the way or more up. Don't have it below the ankles. If you are a little large about the hips make the skirt pleated on a yoke four inches deep and of some stiff material, put plenty of fulness in the front and sides and a little less at the back, open the skirt on the left side and close with small buttons, never mind if they show, open your undershirt on the right side. Any easy shoe will do for riding, but you need a pair of leather toe caps gummed or sewed on to prevent the pedals slipping. The rubber is corrugated and catches the pedals safely. It costs fifty cents to put on the caps, and very comfortable plus yachting caps and cost seventy-five cents. I got mine at Stoneys', but they are to be had elsewhere. In the hot weather I wear a cambric beited blouse, and on a cool day a riding habit shaped basque of the navy serge with position back. A nasty waist for a matron is a white pique vest and half fitting navy coat, a little standing chemisette collar and white cravat tie. I am delighted to hear into you can go alone and wish you all the pleasure you have earned.

Miss Agatha.—1. I do not know. It will grow in Canada with great care, and I don't see what would prevent it from growing in England. It has a small bloom. It is the smallest fragrant flower I know, and it has had a great and sentimentalist attached to it from early times. According to the old legend, no serpent will come near it. It is said that it was chosen by the Hibernians as their national emblem after St. Patrick used it to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity. It is not a giddy thing for a young girl to call her gentlemen friends by their Christian names, even though they may be very intimate under very unusual circumstances. A certain kind of girl always does so, but you are not that kind. 3. Certainly you can love a person without respecting him, but that does not make so much of perfection that it is not worth much. I love people whose weaknesses and even wickedness make me sorry from respect for them; but such love is a constant pain and sorrow to me, and though I can't disown it, I am not vomit to boast of it. 4. Yes, I think that a man who is a good son is generally reliable; but you have to be a constant pain and sorrow to me, and though I can't disown it, I am not vomit to boast of it. 4. Yes, I think that a man who is a good son is generally reliable, though you have sudden tempers sometimes. I generally find a man who is generous and sweet on some points, and your opinions are not easily changed. You are very conscientious, orderly, fond of detail and have great ability in arranging and managing, and a good share of tact of fancy. I am afraid to tell you your faults. Are they not, Philippa? Perhaps you are not in the way of a general feeling that the world benefits somewhat by the presence of May Agatha?

Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street west, beg to announce that they have just opened up a choice selection of "mousseline chiffon" challys and various other summer goods. Latest novelties in Parisian millinery and trimmings.

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They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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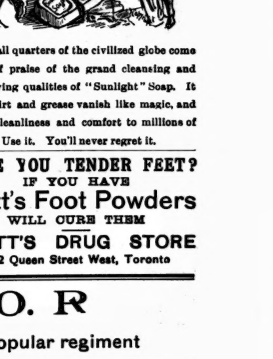

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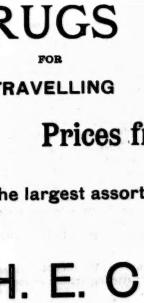

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Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year $3 00
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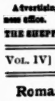
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited), Proprietors

VOL. IV] TORONTO, AUG. 8, 1891. [No. 37

Roman Catholics are not Fools!

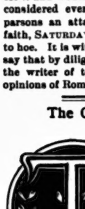


A WRITER in a Roman Catholic journal of this city takes this paper to task for publishing the two stories, The Liberation of Father Rhone and Father Joseph's Penitent—considering them attacks on the Roman Catholic church, and using these words:

"It is time for Catholics, too long-suffering by far, to resent this petty persecution, and by withdrawing their patronage from publishers who allow their pages to purvey veiled slanders on their faith, teach these men of the press a lesson in politeness and Christianity."

I would be sorry to think that this expressed the views of many Roman Catholics. The faith of the writer of those words should be inquired into according to the canons of his church. One whose faith is so weak as to be endangered by the two stories named is not likely to become a pillar of any church. Leeches, it is said, cling to a diseased part, and the fact that the writer should construe it that the authors of either of the stories desired to attack the Roman Catholic Church, shows the presence of disease. The stories showed what nobody would attempt to deny, that men occasionally go into the ministry of all churches, who are entirely unadapted for it and would be better out. If Protestants considered every criticism of the methods of parsons an attack on the bulwarks of their faith, SATURDAY NIGHT would have a hard row to hoe. It is with pleasure, then, I am able to say that by diligent inquiry I have found that the writer of the article does not voice the opinions of Roman Catholics at large.

The German Emperor.



THE inevitable reaction has come, and we who were a few months ago openly reviling or privately disapproving of the German Emperor, have almost entirely changed our opinion. He forced those that thought him a whipper-snapper to acknowledge him a genuine monarch, perhaps the greatest Europe has seen since Napoleon. Great monarchs are rare in history. Good ones (in a strictly personal sense) are rarer, but personal "goodness" in a monarch is not of much more use than personal badness, so they are not sought after. The genuine monarchs, with the good sense, the strength, the earnestness and the self assertiveness that go to make monarchs really useful, are few: In England, William the Conqueror, Henry VIII, Oliver Cromwell and William of Orange; in America, Washington and Lincoln; in France, Charlemagne and Napoleon; in Germany, Frederick the Great and, to a certain extent, the present Emperor's grandfather, William. In the present position of the world's affairs, should William live to old age his reign may form an epoch in the history of the world. It is "promise" rather than actual record of deeds we worship in young heroes—in Rudyard Kipling and Emperor William.

William owes his success so far to being in earnest, and to being "interested" in things. He was not brought up to believe that the world meant play, though he happened to be a monarch, and there the contrast between his bringing up and that of the Prince of Wales is strong. Wales has lived for fifty years with the idea that the world existed for himself and two or three hundred of his class; William has been taught that according to the height of a monarch's exaltation, in proportion is the breadth of his duties. And the other side of his character, his quality of being "interested" in things, has ever been a touchstone of success. This is the quality that makes the rail-splitting embryo statesman study by firelight away into the small hours, and which has made Emperor William II. familiarize himself with every detail of the vast machinery of which he is the head. If anybody has a grievance he is able to judge of its genuineness and does not need to rely upon corruptible ministers for advice. It is thus that he is able to maintain a position practically absolute, and as yet he has committed no wrong or even (in the light of after events) ill-advised action. The Emperor William is Europe's hope. His fame and enduring greatness are to come. He is at the head of a nation that will allow his greatness to have the most scope. At the head of the English nation his genius would largely be useless. The English are too argumentative a people to be ruled by such a man. They can only look with envy on the people that has its monarchical affairs in a so much more settled condition than their own.

TOUCHSTONE.

The Postmaster-General is filling up all the vacancies in the male clerical staff of the General Post Office by the appointment of lady clerks. One hundred and ten ladies have just successfully passed the requisite open competitive examination under the Civil Service Commissioners, and are to be at once employed, beginning at salaries of £60 per annum, in the duties hitherto performed by the second division clerks and other male clerks.

Music.

I present my readers to-day with a portrait of Ignace Jan Paderewski, a young Pole, who is to-day at the same time the ladies' pet and the most interesting pianist in the world. The ladies of the Continent and of England have raved to an equal extent over the young man, who is now admitted to be the legitimate successor of Anton Rubinstein, and who now assumes the mantle of fame worn through four decades by the great Moldavian artist. In these days of juvenile prodigies and of phenomenal exhibitions of pianistic power, Paderewski has appeared to astonish the general public and to charm music-lovers by the marvelous dexterity he displays upon the keyboard, and he has by the manifestation of much rarer qualities—lifting him above the heads of all his contemporaries—acquired in an unusually short time the highest position in the realm of his chosen instrument. As far as London is concerned, the more frequently the opportunity has been afforded of hearing Paderewski, the greater admiration his performances have excited.

Ignace Jan Paderewski was born in Poland on Nov. 6, 1860, consequently is now in his thirty-first year. Commencing to play the piano in his third year, he was placed under various teachers in Poland, until he was placed under the tuition of the late Frederick Kiel of Berlin, after which he undertook his first *tournee* which extended throughout Russia, Siberia, Servia and Roumania, during which he performed nothing but his own compositions. When he was eighteen years of age he was appointed professor at the Warsaw Conservatory of Music, and in 1884 he was appointed to a similar position at the Conservatory of Strasburg. While here his ambition led him to abandon teaching and to embrace the more fascinating employment of a pianistic virtuoso. He accordingly removed to Vienna and placed himself under the tuition of his fellow countryman, Theydor Leschetitsky, who is renowned both as being a most successful trainer of pianists, and also as being the husband of the well known Annette Essipoff. Under Leschetitsky's guidance he studied for three years and made his *debut* before the critical Viennese public in 1887, and was at once proclaimed to be one of the most remarkable pianists of the day.

He then paid several visits to the principal towns throughout Germany, always with increasing success, and in the autumn of 1889 he made his first appearance before a Parisian audience, and immediately became the lion of the Paris season. His first performance in London was given at St. James' Hall in May, 1890, since which date he has appeared at a large number of concerts and recitals in London and the provinces, his efforts being uniformly marked by success and enthusiasm. Paderewski has composed a large number of pieces, many of which have attained great popularity. Among these are a concerto in A minor for pianos and orchestra, conceived in a broad and lofty style and evincing great originality of both subject and treatment; a suite for orchestra in G; a concerto for violin and orchestra in G minor, and some eighty vocal pieces in the German, French and Polish languages.

According to a well known English authority it seems impossible in purely mechanical skill to exceed the limits of his achievements. He has his light and delicate moods as well as his dreamy and romantic humors, which find expression in his performance of the beautiful works of his fellow-countryman, Frederic Chopin. For fire and fineness of execution nothing can surpass his playing of this master's scherzos and fantasies. For breadth of style and forcible delivery his performance of his own concerto in A minor, together with the concertos of Rubinstein and Beethoven, is superb, while for sweep of hand, extraordinary rapidity of finger and mastery over Liszt's rhapsodies and fantasias, he is now practically unrivalled in the world. In addition to all this there is to be considered the surpassing beauty of those momentary fancies and graceful touches which can only be imparted by the most gifted of artists. Above all, the fine and musical impulse which animates Paderewski never infringes upon the borderland which divides enthusiasm from extravagance. For the benefit of my lady readers I may add that he is a widower, exceedingly natural in his manners and kind-hearted and unaffected to the last degree, and has won thousands of fluttering feminine hearts. Paderewski will play in America next season, an epoch which will also bring us Friedheim, Pachmann and Gruenfeed.

To those of my readers who may, during these cool dog-days, go down to the sea in the neighborhood of New York, I would say, "go and hear Auton Seidl at Brighton Beach." His orchestra—that of the Metropolitan Opera House—plays a style and class of music that would entrance any music-lover in the world, and that affords the greatest enjoyment for any class of dilettanti, no matter which. *Par exemple*, last week he played ten programmes which embraced the following categories: French composers, Russian composers and programmes devoted to Godard, Delibes, Massenet, Wagner, Saint-Saens, Liszt, Bizet, Chabrier, Lalo, Gillett, besides several symphonic selections. Such catholicity of taste, and such expression as he gives to this taste, goes far to make America a home for the higher class of music in spite of Marguerites "and sich."

Our former Toronto boy, Whitney Mockridge, has made quite a flattering artistic success in London, England.

By the way—what about a string quartette in Toronto? Why do not players sink their individuality and organize a series of concerts like the fine Monday Pops of six years ago?

Our charming friend, Mme. Teresa Carreno, during the last season played at eighty-nine concerts and forty public rehearsals in Russia, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Scandinavia, and always with the greatest success.

The latest London gossip is responsible for the rumor that Miss Attalie Claire is engaged to marry a son of the Marquis of Salisbury. This young lady is a Torontonian, her father having been known as Bob Smith among a jolly set of young fellows here some twenty-five years ago. Her mother was a Miss Alexander, and was before that time a valued member of the choir of St. George's Church here, in the days when Mr. Henry Martin was organist and when the choir contained such voices as those of Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Sallie Holman, Mis Julia Holman, Mr. Will Nelson, Mr. Charlie Drew, Mr. Will Crane and Mr. Alf. Holman. Miss Ettie Smith, for such is Miss Claire's home name, studied at Loretto Abbey where her principal teacher was Mr. F. H. Torrington. Her principal concert appearance in Toronto was at a concert of school children, given in 1884 under the direction of Mr. E. W. Schmidt. She afterwards studied in New York under Mr. Alberto Lawrence and Mme. Fursch-Madi, which led to her engagements with the opera companies of Mme. Patti and Mme. Albani, and later with the Carl Rosa opera company in England.

Genial Donald J. O'Brien of Hamilton spent a day in Toronto this week and shed the light of his countenance upon a few of his friends who are yet in town.

I hear that Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, of the Conservatory of Music, is going to Germany for a course of study in his instrument, the lyre. This is as it should be, for Mr. Tripp has talent that only wants a wider atmosphere of instruction to make its mark. The best wishes of all who have been delighted with his clever playing will accompany him.

I regret that I must again chronicle a death in musical circles, this time of a young lady, Miss Edith Annie Littlehales of Hamilton. She was an excellent violinist, with great promise of future excellence, and of a most charming and pleasing disposition. The sympathies of a wide circle of musical acquaintance will be with Mr. and Mrs. Littlehales in their bereavement.

I have received a copy of the first number of *The Dominion Musical Journal*, from the press of those indefatigable lovers of music, Messrs. Timms & Co. This paper is the successor of the defunct *Canadian Musical Herald*, which went where all good music journals go, a few months ago, after having been edited by Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, with Mr. Percy W. Mitchell as sub-editor. Strong as this editorial combination was, it could not make the *Herald* blow its trumpet more than a few months, and now the new style and form comes out under the watchful care of Mrs. Eva Rose York. A good deal of original matter and some well chosen selections make the *Musical Journal* a welcome addition to my musical exchanges.

I am glad to have another breezy letter from Mr. A. S. Vogt this week, and am sure that most of my readers will wish that they were of the party of these musical pilgrims.

To-morrow young Gussie Arlidge will sing at each service at the Church of the Redeemer.

Isidore de Lara, known in London as a clever society pet, who sings ballads at the musicales of the *haut monde* for a honorarium of from ten to twenty guineas, and who is best known in Toronto as the composer of the song, The Garden of Sleep, has composed an opera strongly redolent of the worship of Buddhism, entitled The Light of Asia, based on Sir Edwin Arnold's work of the same title. This opera was to have been produced at Covent Garden, London, on Wednesday, July 22, but at the last moment M. Maurel declined to sing the chief part, on the ground that he had not had sufficient time to prepare it. Owing to this action of this great artist, De Lara's opera was ignominiously shelved until another season.

A musical excursion will take place on Monday next, when the band of the Queen's Own Rifles will invade the United States at the Falls.

Philadelphia has long been looked upon as a sort of Sleepy Hollow in a musical sense, but the Quakers seem to have had a ray of daylight lately. Mr. Gustav Hinrichs, who gathered together the wreckage of the National Opera Company, has been playing there with great success for two seasons, and has now arranged to found a musical college and symphony orchestra in conjunction with that excellent pianist, Constantin Sternberg, Philadelphia being the chosen scene of their operations.

Another new music school is that of Xaver Schawwenka, this great composer and teacher having been attracted to America by the handsome fees that appertain to such enterprises on this side of the Atlantic. METRONOME.

The Drams.

LAST Wednesday morning I happened to be out in the country and so got up early. The wagons that came along that country road were all loaded with little boys and their fathers, with here and there a be-muslined girl. The little boys all had an indescribably clean and polished look—a spickness and spanness and ready-madeness. The fathers had a ready-madeness about their appearance too, without the spickness and spanness, in fact, as regards their clothes, there was too much of them. I wondered what was the cause of all the festivity. It wasn't the Twelfth of July, and I knew there would be no fall fairs for weeks yet, and I was altogether puzzled. But I started out for the city and did not go far before I was enlightened. There in the hotel shed was a picture of a lady with parboiled legs and short fancy skirts just about to descend with a sickening thud on the back of a gorgeously mottled horse; and another picture showed a conglomerate collection of beasts, most of them "rastlin' and chawin';" while the small bills told me that on that day Solomon would meet the Queen of Sheba and show her through his harem and menagerie, and regale her with his own private ballet (men usually reserve such attractions as the latter for their male visitors), and that also for the convenience of those who particularly desired to see the splendor of the King of Israel and were unable to do so on Wednesday, the Queen of Sheba would go through the operation again on Thursday; also a note by T. DeWitt Talmage on the animality of Solomon's character, and the grandeur of his appointments, in this nineteenth century to be reproduced.

When I got down town that morning I found the streets crowded. The great unwashed was out in force to see the joint procession of the Queen's and Solomon's retainers, but the freshness of the morning prevented the atmosphere assuming that fetid stuffiness peculiar to the Twelfth of July. But all! the procession was not as one of the great Barnum's. It was on time! The Queen's women looked razzled. The journey from the wilderness of Africa, or Hamilton, or somewhere, had fatigued them and the black-haired queen herself had evidently found it necessary to have recourse to the rouge-pot that she might appear at her best before Solomon. She carried a decidedly modern umbrella, not at all ornate, and her niggers had an air of sadness that was painful. These niggers had not been trained to "keep their place," and the Queen of Sheba should enforce better discipline among them and cut down the sauciness of her subjects even with a scimitar. The animals she brought with her were fat enough, but the wondrous steam organ, which I suppose she brought along to astonish Solomon, as usual did not play. TOUCHSTONE.

Marian Manola is as lusty a pursuer after notoriety as ever. She assiduously haunts the boxes of the play houses now open and would not miss a first night for ducats. Don't ask why, for of course you know. At the Grand Duchess last week at the Casino, Marian sat well forward in her box with her gallant husband, Jack Mason, near her, and her warm Southern eyes sought the audience wistfully, almost questioningly. "Am I not here, even if the Russell is vocally disporting herself?" the optics plainly said. After a season of private-box views, so to speak, Mrs. Mason's managers will play her on the road as the Greatest Show on Earth—and so she is.

There is no character in fiction or romantic literature more attract've than the scoundrel with the good heart. A nice, well-bred, well-dressed, well-fed gentleman who always does and says the right thing, whose heart is in exactly the right place and whose mind is all that the most exacting could desire, is just a trifle boring. An out-and-out villain, who lives but for the destruction of the human species and has not one redeeming attribute, is uninteresting by reason of his rarity. But a man who is a reckless rascal, who breaks the commandments to-day and shares his crust with a starving dog to-morrow, who, with a dark and deadly record has sudden fine impulses, can do brilliant, heroic deeds in a splendid dare-devil way, he is the man who will have the whole theater at his feet, from the grimiest sot in the gallery to the leader of the orchestra, from the most bored first-nighter to the languid lady who softly taps with her fan in the palm of one delicately gloved hand.

Edward E. Kidder's new comedy-drama for Sol Smith Russell is called Peaceful Valley, and in it the genial comedian will create the character of Hosea Howe, a type of countryman new to the stage. Mr. Russell believes that he has found in this play a worthy successor to Mr. Kidder's Poor Relation, which has made money for author and actor alike. The production will take place in Minneapolis, which is Mr. Russell's home, on August 13 and most elaborate scenery has been prepared from pencil sketches made by Mr. Joseph Jefferson, who has expressed himself as charmed with the play. Mr. Kidder is also rewriting Mr. Joseph Murphy's drama, The Darragh, for next season, besides touching up the Swedish dialect play, Ole Oleson, which has made a pronounced success in the West. Carroll Johnson, the Irish comedian, will star soon in Mr. Kidder's play, The Gossoon, and the busy author has just finished a farce-comedy which he asserts has ideas in it.

Have you ever thought of the nose as a feature in histrionics? It is a prominent and essential feature of a comedian's outfit. John T. Raymond, Sidnew Drew, Francis Wilson, Edwin Stevens and Sol Smith Russell owe considerable of their fun-manufacturing powers to the nasal organ that governs their lean and hungry physiognomy. Quin, the old actor, had a nose damaged in a street brawl. A lady complimented him one day. "I admire your acting," said she, "but I can't get over your nose." "No wonder, madam," promptly answered the player, "the bridge is broken."

Looked Suspicious.

Squire—Morning, Uncle Rufus. See you've got new neighbors moving in over there. What are they like?

Uncle Rufus—Cain't always judge by de appearance, Squle, but dey has two monst'ous big feathers foh niggahs w'at don't keep fowls.

No Wardrobe Needed.

Husband—Let's go to the circus this afternoon?

Wife—I've nothing to wear.

Husband—All right. Let's go to the beach and go in swimming.—*New York Press.*

Her Judgment.

"Well," said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?"

"I'm afraid he's not good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you."

Their Pedigree.

Miss Blewbludd (proudly)—My grandfather was a Virginia Taylour.

Newby—Indeed! Well, to be equally candid, mine was a Jersey City butcher.—*Puck.*

The Noms de Plume.

For Saturday Night.

In a castle, on a hillside,
Decked with lovely flowers in bloom,
Dwelt a mother and her daughters
All of whom were *noms de plume*.

Alpha, Beta, were the first born,
Fifty others I should say,
Of all ages, matrons, misses,
Down to baby Omega.

But a strange thing happened one day:
Sigma, breathless, came and said:
"Ehen! Ehen! *prob dolores!*
Sister A. B. C. is dead."

Faces blanched with mortal terror;
Alpha said: "I'm sore bereft.
This beheads me—it curtails me.
Lph alone is left."

Beta also suffered sadly,
And had cause for deep regret;
For, without her B. and A., he
Henceforth could be only Et.

Com looked grave, as well she might do,
For she was an ancient *nom*,
But, without the C., hereafter
She must be a senseless *om*.

Anon thought her lot a hard one,
For, when A. is dead and gone,
What is left of her? Just nothing,
Since she now is simply *non*.

Tyro smiled with satisfaction,
She was young and cute, you know,
And her name could yet be written
As of yore—T-Y-R-O.

X. Y. Z. was also placid;
She'd not be disturbed—not *she*,
"For," said she, "there still are plenty
Lives yet left 'twixt her and me."

Sadly buried they their sister,
And, on coming home, 'tis said,
Madame Alphabet their mother,
Found they on her dying bed.

Tyro weakened. All the sisters
Felt their life blood ebb away.
This explains the lack of courage
Found among them to this day.

For they live, as though immortal,
But where dwell they none may know,
And, when they appear in public
Closely veiled they always go.

SEVERN BRIDGE. J. SHILAW, M.B.

At the Hop.

For Saturday Night.

Round she goes with red lips smiling,
Many, many hearts beguiling
By her grace;
Bright eyes gleaming,
Sweet smiles beaming
O'er her face.

Round she trips with fairy lightness,
Winning, dazzling, by her brightness
Charming all;
Rose cheeks glowing,
Soft curls flowing
Round her fall.

As upon my arm she's leaning,
All my heart from me she's stealing
By her spell;
Soft hands clinging,
Sweet voice ringing
Like a bell.

But alas my joy's decreasing,
For the music's strains are ceasing,
The dance is o'er;
Now my fairy,
Light and airy,
With another
Trips the floor.

Toronto. J. S.

Baby Ruby.

For Saturday Night.

Dear flower of Love, thy bloom is faded now,
Smiles ne'er will win thy soft embrace again;
No more will lisp'd words our hearts rejoice,
Or bring to this sad house a glowing cheer.
Hushed is thy prattling tongue, sweet angel-babe,
Far, far away they harken to thy song.
Out from the shadows of the mournful tomb
A whisper thought is borne of love and rest.
Sweetly the Sabbath bells are ringing now,
The world goes on, and others smile in joy;
We hide our grief, yet still we grieve anew
When to our ears is borne the cradle song.

BERT KELLY.

Re-Voyage.

What of the days when we two dreamed together?
Days marvelously fair,
As lightsome as a skyward-floating feather
Sailing on summer air—
Summer, summer, that came drifting through
Fate's hand to me and you.

What of the days, my dear? I sometimes wonder
If you too wish this sky
Could be the blue we sailed so softly under
In that sun-kissed July;
Sailed in the warm and yellow afternoon,
With hearts in touch and tune.

Have you no longing to relive the dreaming
Adrift in my canoe?
To watch my paddle blade all wet and gleaming
Cleaving the waters through?
To lie wind-blown and wave-caressed until
Your restless pulse grows still?

Do you not long to listen to the purling
Of foam athwart the keel?
To hear the nearing rapids softly swirling
Among their stones, to feel
The boat's unsteady tremor as it braves
The wild and snarling waves?

What need of question, what of your replying?
Oh! well I know that you
Would turn the world away to be but lying
Again in my canoe,
In listless indolence entranced and lost,
Wave-rocked and passion-tossed.

Ah me! my paddle failed me in the steering
Across love's shoreless seas;
All reckless, I had ne'er a thought of fearing
Such dreary days as these,
When through the self-same rapids we dash by,
My lone canoe and I.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON in *N. Y. Independent.*

A Thunder Cloud.

Heavy and black along the western hills
The low clouds hang, their ragged upper edge
Touching the sun, that sends a golden wedge
Down through the dark; a thunder echo fills
The heated air; the birds sing in soft trills;
A wind wave shakes the river's reedy sedge
And stirs the bushes on the bleeting ledge;
Then moaning storm-echo every movement stills,
The clouds roll o'er the sun; the sturdy trees
Bend to the fury of the surging blasts,
A fierce red flash shines on the sombre plain;
Then down the slopes, like high, foam-crested seas
That on some rocky coast beat hard and fast,
Comes the wild tumult of the rushing rain.

THOS. S. COLLIER

Noted People.

A marble tablet bearing an inscription now marks the house in Nice where Paganini died.

Dr. Sarah Stockton of Indianapolis has been appointed physician at the Indiana State Reformatory for Girls and Prison for Women.

Mrs. Margaret Custer Calhoun, only sister of the late General Custer, has been appointed librarian in the State Library at Lansing, Michigan.

The costumes Marie Wainwright will wear in her character of Amy Robsart this winter are designed from the descriptions given by Sir Walter Scott in Kenilworth.

The house owned by Moliere's widow, Armande Bejart, the actress, is still standing in Meudon, near Paris, and has just been classed among the historic monuments of France.

In London the number of women on school boards increases, and this year twelve women have been elected in eleven different districts. In three of these the women elected are themselves school mistresses.

Harriett Hosmer's model for the statue of Queen Isabella is nearly finished and she will probably bring it to this country before winter. The statue, when completed, is to stand in the Women's Pavilion at the World's Fair.

Miss Ellen Cloak, a full-bred Indian of the Blackfoot tribe, has been appointed by Secretary Noble special allotting agent, and has commenced work in allotting lands to the Tonkawas, on the Nez Perces reservation.

Mrs. Georgiana Whetsel, a colored woman of St. John, New Brunswick, controls the ice trade of that city, employing fifty or sixty men and ten horses. She serves her customers so well that she has gained universal respect.

Miss Harriet B. Conant, a former principal of the Union School at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, has graduated with high honors from the medical department of the University of Minnesota, and has been appointed assistant physician in the Insane Asylum at Yankton, South Dakota.

Heinrich Schnilinsky, a wealthy and distinguished citizen of Hamburg, recently deceased, has bequeathed several millions of marks in his will to found a Hamburg Asylum for unmarried women teachers who have outlived their ability to earn their living at that calling.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew left this country for his annual summer holiday last week under his physician's instructions not to make speeches when he reached the other side. He made the best of his time before reaching there by delivering five speeches on board of the steamer.

Feminine education is making rapid strides in France. Higher examinations were not formerly open to women, but the new university for women, which was started a year or two ago, is becoming a very beneficial institution, making it possible for a woman to teach in higher girls' classes.

Miss Curzon, a graduate of Toronto University, has been acting as assistant public analyst since her graduation in 1889. She is also taking the lectures at the Toronto Women's Medical College, so far as her professional duties will allow, and intends to enter the medical profession in due time.

When the ex-Empress Eugenie was in Paris a few weeks ago she gave a very handsome contribution to the fund for the benefit of the poor of the city; and now the Prefect has sent a most courteous acknowledgment of the gift, couched in official language, but necessarily addressed to "Madame la Comtesse de Pierrefonds."

The dedication of monuments to General Stonewall Jackson and other Southern soldiers brings to mind the fact that many of the general officers of the Confederate army have passed away. Of 426, the original number, only 154 are now alive, and Beauregard is the only surviving general who attained full rank.

A bequest of 100,000 francs has been left to the Academy of Science in Paris by a French nun, who coupled with the legacy the condition that it should be given as a prize to any one who would discover a means of communicating with any other world, planet or star. She suggested the planet Mars as the best one with which to experiment.

The Prince of Naples, who is soon to visit England, will not give up his whole visit to pleasuring, but hopes to gain many practical hints by inspecting important industries in the kingdom. He is also an enthusiastic numismatist, and will probably spend considerable time in the British and South Kensington museums.

Lady Burton, Sir Richard Burton's widow, has just sacrificed a manuscript of her husband's for which she had been offered 5000 guineas. It was his last work and was called the "Scented Garden." He was in communication with English publishers relative to bringing out the book just before his sudden death. After mature reflection, Lady Burton reached the conclusion that the work would do a great deal of harm and little or no good. She accordingly burned the manuscript.

In a letter from Prince George of Greece to his father, George I. of Greece, the young man tells of his adventure in Japan, and refers to the Czarowitz as "Nicky," and to the Czarina as "Aunt Minn." He says that after his rescue of the Czarowitz the Russian officers "played ball" with him, which he explains is their method of showing their joy. When the Crown Prince of Russia was in this country shooting buffalo, he embraced General Phil Sheridan, who had brought him to the hunting-ground, and carried him fifty yards in his arms, so great was his delight over killing such big game.

The Queen has appointed Miss Mary Florentia Hughes to be one of her Maids of Honor in ordinary, in the room of the Hon. Marie Adeane, married. We should very much like to know whether the lady with the flowery name will endorse the opinion of another Maid of Honor about her Queen. She (the Queen) was a sensible, most decorous woman; a very grand lady on State occasions, simple enough in ordinary life; well read as times went, and giving shrewd opinions about books; stingy, but not unjust; not generally unkind to her dependents, but invincible in her notions of etiquette; and quite angry if her people suffered ill-health in her service.

On the Veranda.

For Saturday Night.

Scene—A Toronto veranda, Garth Gibberish, a young barrister in hammock soliloquizing:

GARTH—I must find out to-day, by hook or by crook, whether Caddy really cares for me or not. I have determined not to run the risk of a refusal, too mortifying, besides I don't believe she can conceal her feelings much longer unless she cares for that Jaydaw! I've suspected that lately; I must tease and make her vexed over him. She has a pretty vivacious temper, and anger generally betrays the truth. I believe I hear her coming. I will put my hat over my face and perhaps if she thinks I am asleep she may say something to give me a clue.

Enter Miss Caddy Crowfoot from hall carrying book and fancy work. She suspects the hat ruse and makes a point of saying aloud:

Who would have thought that great idle creature would be here instead of at work? I have no patience with young men nowadays, for eating, sleeping, flirting and yawning make up the sum total of their lives! *(Aside.)* I wonder if it is possible that Garth really cares for me, and is loitering around waiting for a chance to tell me so! I must try to find out without committing myself. He has a dreadful temper, and perhaps if I make him vexed I can find out his real feelings!

GARTH (pretending to wake and removing his hat)—Why, Caddy, you here? I am delighted to see you, but who would have thought that you were there, standing over me like a guardian angel! No wonder my dreams were so pleasant! Did you come to read aloud to me?

CADDY—No, indeed; I thought you were at your office. I came to have a rest in the hammock but, as usual, found it occupied. Pray do not think of getting up; the effort would exhaust you, besides I haven't the heart to deprive a hard-worked lawyer of his well earned rest!

G.—Thank you. I suppose you think that as we are first cousins you may take the liberty of saying unpleasant and sarcastic things.

C.—Oh, no; I seldom think about it. I generally say what I like to you without stopping to consider whether it will be acceptable or not.

G. *(Aside)*—I wonder if I dare tease her a little about Jaydaw. It is like sunrise on Loch Katrine to see the color dawn in that girl's face. *(Aloud)* O, while I think of it Caddy, did you succeed in getting Jaydaw to ask you to go for a drive? I felt sorry for the poor fellow when I saw you preparing to corner him and heard you give the hint that the country must be looking lovely just now.

C.—I understand your feeling of commiseration for him, but your mind may be at rest. I kindly refused his invitation because I had another engagement. *(Aside.)* I see he is jealous and is trying to find out my feelings towards Mr. Jaydaw.

G. *(aside.)*—Another engagement! Is it possible I am on the wrong track? Booboy and Chippins are her only other admirers, but she couldn't waste two thoughts on them. Perhaps she is encouraging Jaydaw just to mislead me! *(Aloud)*—But seriously, Caddy, I hope you are not flirting with Jaydaw. It is a mean and cowardly thing to lead a man on and encourage him in every way as you have done poor Jaydaw for over a year, just to please your vanity by mortifying him into a proposal and perhaps a refusal in the end!

C.—Dear, dear, what strong language we use! How our feelings are roused over the sufferings and wrongs of another! It is beautiful and heroic to hear you plead for a man you hate as you do Mr. Jaydaw.

GARTH *(indignantly)*—Hate him! No, indeed! I haven't respect enough for him to hate him. Hatred, pure and proper, is only used by great souls on great objects, but as in this case there is no great object, the surface of my deeper self is still unruffled. I despise and pity him for being the slave of a capricious girl—that is all.

C. *(archly)*—Ah, then you do give him credit for being willingly led and encouraged by me, do you? *(Aside.)* How handsome Garth looks when he is indignant. I musn't forget to tease him about his rejected poems. *(Aloud.)* But come, Garth, we needn't quarrel. Suppose you ask me to go for a drive this afternoon and that will make poor Mr. Jaydaw as uncomfortable as you are now.

GARTH *(highly gratified)*.—Will you go, Caddy? I shall be so happy to take you. When shall we start?

C.—I thank you, Garth, about four o'clock. Now I can answer that horrid note I got from that tiresome Mr. Chippins and tell him that I am engaged for the afternoon. What a relief!

G. *(aside)*—So that was what she was driving at! I am only a cat's paw, it seems! But I will get even yet. She shall not have the best of it long! *(Aloud.)* O, Caddy, I forgot to tell you what I overheard Jack Tippletop say of you after the Peanute's party. Would you like to hear it?

C.—Indeed I would! I should value a compliment from him, as I thought him the best looking and most intelligent of all my partners that night. Did he say he liked my dancing?

G.—Remember he wasn't speaking to me, or knowing you were my cousin he might have altered his adjectives. He simply said that he thought Miss Caddy Crowfoot was an ungraceful dancer, and a most persistent talker, and that he had never so bored in his life!

C. *(indignant)*—I don't believe it! You are just saying that to mortify me. What right have you to eavesdrop any way?

G.—If his lordship had said something nice about our looks or our dancing, I think we would have overlooked the eavesdropping part, eh Caddy? *(Aside.)* It was rather a mean thing to repeat, but she does look so much prettier with that color.

C.—You are a horrid, ill-natured newsgatherer. I have noticed ever since I came that no sooner do I take a fancy to any one than you with your talebearing, eavesdropping, surmises and so forth, try to break up any pleasant little friendship I may form.

G.—Now, now, Caddy, that's unfair. Can't you understand that it's for your good that I shatter some of your empty idols? There is no knowing where your romantic imagination would not lead you if I were not to put on the brakes. Any way, Tippletop is engaged to Miss Vancouver, so I wouldn't waste tears or temper on him.

C. *(aside)*—My time for revenge will come presently but I must let my anger abate first. *(Aloud).* O, well, Garth, I am sorry I seemed vexed over such a trifle and no doubt you meant it kindly. Please try to forget anything rude I may have said *(resumes fancy work).*

G. *(aside)*—How quickly she cooled down! It looks suspicious. I am afraid that lurking smile means mischief. *(Aloud)* What is that pretty thing you are making, Caddy? C—A slipper case.

G.—For whom? C.—Never mind.

G.—Won't you tell me? C.—Not yet.

G.—When will you tell me? C.—When it is finished.

G.—Finished and forwarded, eh? May the recipient be happy! C.—I fully expect him to be.

G. *(after a pause)*—Is Jaydaw coming to-night? C.—Yes, I think he is.

G.—After our drive? C.—I suppose so.

G.—Anything special on hand? C.—May be, may be not. He himself is always special, you know.

G.—So it seems. *(Aside.)* I could grind my teeth; I am no nearer solving the problem than when I started. C.—By the way Garth, before I forget it, I must read you a little clipping from one of the newspapers about your two last poems.

G.—Was it complimentary? C.—I leave you to judge.

G.—I've been wondering why they were so long in putting in a puff or a personal I suppose this will explain it. C.—*(Finds clipping and reads)* "If our young friend Mr. Garth Gibberish could but read himself as others read him, he would refrain from literature until his faculties had matured. His Ode to Remembrance and The Cricket's Evensong were as unintelligible as they were uninteresting. If some kind friend could but suggest to him to turn his talents to——"

G.—Thank you. You needn't read any more. You might have spared me! However, I might have known the jealousy of the man who wrote that would keep him from doing me justice. You didn't think the poems were so bad, did you Caddy? C.—No, not very, that is not exactly. Still, Garth, I have sometimes thought that if you would drop poetry and write plays, just some light, taking comedies you know, you might succeed better. You see every one enjoys a good comedy or farce, while few take time and trouble to translate or unravel half the poems we see.

(Garth tries to get up, but the hammock breaks down and he lies prone, pretending to be hurt.)

C.—O Garth, are you hurt or only pretending?

G.—Pretending! Why, don't you see that I can't get up *(makes another effort, then groans).* It's no use, Caddy, I can't get up yet. I've broken either my back or my collar bone, it's hard to tell which.

C.—I believe you are hurt. Perhaps you sprained your ankle. Can I help you?

G.—Yes, if you would be kind enough to put your arm under my neck, perhaps that would help me a little. There *(as Caddy complies)*—thank you, I feel easier.

C. *(nervously)*—But, Garth, do get up; somebody might pass and see.

G.—Well, let them see! Can't a man break his back and lie quiet a few minutes, without being worried over trifles?

C.—But, really, Garth, I can't stay unless you let me take my arm away. Just suppose Mr. Jaydaw should happen to come?

G.—Confound him, let him come! I don't care. C.—But, I do. I don't believe you are hurt after all.

G. *(changing his tone)*—Wait one minute and tell me if you really care for Jaydaw, Caddy? C.—No, I do not.

G.—Really? C.—Really.

G.—Then, do you care for anybody else? C. *(blushes and nods).*

G.—O, Caddy! and you deceived me all this time! You must have known I was in love with you. And all the while this wretch, whoever he is, has been writing to you, and having clandestine meetings with you, all under my very nose and eyes. The miserable sneak! The contemptible coward! How I wish he were here that I might tell him what I think of him! C.—He is here.

G.—Why, is any one coming *(springing up)*? No! What do you mean? Who is he, Caddy?

C.—He is YOU! RETTA LONGSTREET.

A Statue of Robert Burns.

The above is a cut of the statue of Burns recently unveiled at his native town of Ayr. It is a bronze, half life-size and stands on a granite pedestal. Burns is represented as he is in Nayasmith's portrait of him and his interesting features have never been reproduced so effectively. The poet is represented at twenty-seven years of age, the period of Mogiel farm-life. A miniature replica in bronze will be published.

The Late Miss Jessie Fothergill.

The above is a portrait of the deceased authoress, whose novel, The First Violin, made her name a household word. She wrote many stories, short and long, but none to equal this. A short story, Dr. Dobbs' Amputation Knives, and almost the latest of her published writings, was written for and printed in SATURDAY NIGHT some weeks ago.

Shadows.

A SOFT night breeze that waved the dainty silken drapes to and fro and filled the little parlor with the sweet smell of lilac and chesnut buds, the graceful shadows thrown by the tree shading the window; these and the quiet little figure seated on the side where the shadows were thickest, completed a picture suggestive of dreamy retrospection. Into this dream—the window was open and inviting—stole a truant moonbeam. Pausing, he whispered "I am welcome here; this sweet-shadowed abode, this tender beautiful maiden bids me enter. She is beautiful because she loves the beautiful." Dancing merrily across the floor, playing with the shadows, then creeping stealthily he throws his rays on the quiet form. Beautiful, indeed! The beam had reasoned aright. The long dark lashes rested on her cheek and dark masses of hair swept back from a high broad forehead; absolute trust in him of whom she dreamed was there expressed and in the quiet fold of the little hands. As her eyes dreamily opened at the moonbeam's intrusion, one saw the instantaneous intentness of purpose that as she turned from past to future argued well for him she loved. "Ah! she loves him," murmured the beam, "she dreams, as all maidens do, but I see through those eyes to her pure white soul—and she loves him," his voice is solemn and wondering, "better—better than herself. Little maiden I love you; I will serve you. He whom you love must be noble and worthy, and through him will I serve you."

Rising, the girl slowly moves to the window, and dropping on her knees, raises her exquisite face toward the stars. She does not speak the prayer that rings in her heart, but God hears. The beam moves slowly over her arm and she looks longingly at it as a happy omen. Her hand falls idly on the trembling ray of light as if to hold it, and then she smiles at her childish thought. As the noiseless moonbeam slips away does she read God's message?

. . . . . .

"I see shadows in this great bustling city," murmurs the beam, "some small, more large; shadows of want and ignorance in the poor, of discontent and arrogance in the rich; but the shadows I seek, those the little maiden loves, I find them not. Through all this great city, guided by the love of all things beautiful and pure that I saw in the maiden's soul, in those paths I have sought him she loves but find him not."

Presently into a lovely garden on the outskirts of the great city shines the beam. Soft beautiful strains of music float on the air, endless clusters of flowers and beautiful spreading trees all make it a welcome nook of harmony for the little beam. At the head of the garden a brilliantly lighted house filled with gaily dressed people suggests the thought of some festivity. Under the trees stroll the apparently gay partakers. Peering at them as they pass, the beam murmurs: "Shadows even here!"

Down one of the many inviting walks strolls a tall, broad-shouldered man, his head slightly bent as if in thought.

"Ah!" said the moonbeam with a tremble, "this is he."

The man pauses at the tree through the branches of which the beam is shining, and looks dreamily at the studded sky. "A handsome, somewhat noble face," the beam thinks. "Is he dreaming of the little maiden he loves?" And straightway into the hidden heart stole the tiny beam. But—— What the moonbeam saw no one ever heard.

Drawing his gaze from heaven, his eyes fall on a letter he has taken from his breast. He reads it with the aid of the beam, who, peering over his shoulder, sighs and trembles as one who has passed through a storm. "He but as he thought it. The little maiden writes, not of the sea of love that swelled her heart—God and the moonbeam alone knew of that—but a timidly tender letter that would need an equally loving heart to understand the half-expressed devotion. But the missive is never read aright—it falls in little pieces at the moonbeam's feet.

Down the walk comes the rustling sound of a woman's dress. With quick-drawn breath and flushed face, from his brow fading that trace of strength and nobility, he turns to the path to meet her and—but the moonbeam tells no more.

"Shadows!" said the beam. "Oh! Father of Light, the darkest shadow—blindness is on this man's soul. Honor rejected for dishonor, purity for impurity, life for death."

. . . . . .

Again into the room of shadows steals the beam, bringing for the second time God's answer to the bruised heart. Will it be understood, accepted?

The maiden kneels but with her face hidden from the stars, and the beam flits, ah! so tenderly, over the bowed head. At last—the struggle is a hard one—the eyes are raised and the beam creeps slowly into sight. She sees—and from the beautiful lips fade the bitter lines—one by one the tears gather in the dry-staring eyes and straight up the moonbeam's ladder of light does the rent heart reach God.

"Father of Light," whispers the beam, "Thou art all wise, Thou hast shown her the truth of light! Not the material holding as when her little hand first grasped my trembling light; not the holding of this love for which she has striven, but the uplifting of her spirit to Thee." ANNIE MCMULLEN.

Books and Magazines.

The latest production of Capt. Andrew Haggard, author of Dodo and I, is a semi-military novel entitled Ada Trescott. It is a welcome addition to the Homes Series. William Bryce, Toronto. 50c.

Amelie Rives begins another novel of the erotic school in the August *Cosmopolitan.* It is entitled According to St. John. Interesting articles are The Woman's Press Club of New York and one on Newspaper Illustration. Murat Halstead writes on Bismarck, and General Adam Badeau on Gambling in High Life. There is an article on Placer Mining, with instantaneous photographs, and one on the Court Jesters of England; Miss Esther Singleton who is making a reputation as a graceful writer, besides the usual departments by Edward Everett Hale, Brander Matthews, etc.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for August has two notable features besides the serial stories by Mrs. Catherwood and Mr. Stockton. Henry James contributes an admirable short story entitled The Marriages, which will delight his army of admirers; and Mr. John C. Ropes, who is peculiarly strong in writing on military subjects, has an excellent paper on General Sherman, awarding him great but not undiscriminating praise. Edith M. Thomas writes exquisite Notes from the Wild Garden, sprinkling some beautiful little poems on special flowers among prose descriptions and reflections hardly less poetical: Olive Thorne Miller in Two Little Drummers treats in her usual fresh style the yellow-bellied woodpecker (sometimes called the sap-sucker) and the red-headed woodpecker; Miss Harriet Waters Preston and Miss Louise Dodge, who, over their initials, have before this printed many delightful papers in the *Atlantic,* now, under the title of A Disputed Correspondence, discuss wisely and delightfully the letters which are said to have passed between Seneca and the Apostle P. Gentleman, Wendell has a political article of real value on the Reform of the United States Senate; Agnes Repplier contributes a bright paper on The Oppression of Notes, which will touch a responsive chord in readers who have struggled with foot-notes for the copious and obtrusive; and W. D. McCrackan describes effectively Six Centuries of Self Government in Switzerland. There are excellent reviews of the Life of Browning and the Memoir of John Norton Norton, notes on new books, and the Contributors' Club.

Scribner's Magazine for August is a "Fiction Number," and contains five complete short stories by Thomas Nelson Page, R. R. Sullivan, A. A. Hayes, Annie Eliot and John J. a'Becket. Four of the stories are illustrated, each by an artist chosen for his skill in delineating the special characters and incidents which are the features of the tale. Albert Lynch, the famous French illustrator, W. L. Metcalf, Charles Broughton, and W. L. Taylor, are the artists whose work adorns there stories, producing a variety and delicacy of illustration seldom seen in a magazine. This number also contains a long opening instalment of the new serial, The Wrecker, by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. The action of the story takes place for the most part in San Francisco, and in the South Sea Islands, among which the authors have been cruising for several years. In addition to the abundant and entertaining fiction this number contains another article in the Great Street series—Picadilly, by Andrew Lang, with many characteristic illustrations by W. Douglas Almond, a very capable English artist. There is also a final article by Professor John H. Wigmore, on Parliamentary Days in Japan, with a view of the parliament buildings recently burned, and a modern Japanese political caricature. Poems by Archibald Lampman, Mrs. James T. Fields, Louise Chandler Moulton and Archibald Gordon with the Point of View, complete a charming midsummer Fiction Number.

The August *Lippincott's* is chiefly interesting because of an account of Walt Whitman's birthday, by Horace L. Traubel. It is an account, taken from stenographic notes, of a dinner which was tendered to the poet by friends in honor of his seventy-second birthday. Whitman presided at the feast, and kept up a running conversation, in which he said many interesting things. The poet's talk has been preserved almost in its entirety. The texts of letters of greeting and congratulation are embodied in the article—from Alfred Tennyson, John Addington Symonds, Moncure Conway, Roden Noel, Charles Dana and others. Walt Whitman himself contributes a brief article upon his last book, Good-bye, my Fancy. He tersely sets forth the theory of his Leaves of Grass, of which he calls his last book the Concluding Annex. Speaking of his Annex, he says: "The book is garrulous, irascible (like old Lear), and has serious breaks and even tricks to avoid monotony. I will have to be ciphered and ciphered out long, and is probably in some respects the most curious part of its author's baffling works." There is a complete novel and other interesting articles.

Messrs. Funk & Wagnall's of New York have in preparation a new standard dictionary of the English language, and it promises to be the completest book of its kind ever published in one volume. Over one hundred editors are at work on it and they include all the leading English speaking *savants* of the day. The Dictionary will embody many new principles in lexicography, and will contain nearly 2 200 pages, quarto, with over 4,000 illustrations made especially for the work. 200,000 words will be explained, 70,000 more words than in any other single volume dictionary. The rates are exceedingly easy. Seven dollars from an advance subscriber will purchase the work.

Youthful Memories.

Billy—Say, do you remember last year when we swiped the green apples off Farmer Hay's trees?

Jimmy—Betcher life! An' do you 'member how you tore your pants when the dog chased us?

Billy—Yep! An' you 'member how sick they made us?

Jimmy—Don't I!

Billy } Didn't we have a bully time!
Jimmy }

A Strange Face in the Glass.

By ALETHEA PHILLIPS

Author of A Romance of the Revolution, Etc., Etc.

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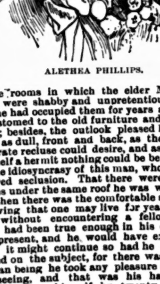

ALETHEA PHILLIPS.

The rooms in which the elder Mr. Villars lived were shabby and unrestentious enough, but he had occupied them for years and grown accustomed to the old furniture and worn carpets; besides, the outlook pleased him, for it was as dull, front and back, as the most inveterate recluse could desire, and as he styled himself a hermit nothing could be better suited to the idiosyncrasy of this man, who above all desired seclusion. That there were other inmates under the same roof he was well aware, but then there was the comfortable security of knowing that one may live for years in London without encountering a fellow lodger. This had been true enough in his case up to the present, and he would have expected with reason it might continue so had he been questioned on the subject, for there was only one human being he took any pleasure or interest in seeing, and that was his half-brother, younger than himself by twenty years, to whom he had filled the office of guardian on their father's death, which had left the poor little lad an orphan, albeit heir to a not inconsiderable income from his mother.

The relatives of that lady had come forward, much to Villars' relief, and offered to charge themselves with the upbringing of the boy, at the same time agreeing that he should visit his brother regularly, at least once a week, "so was also free to have access to him whenever he chose. The latter privilege had not been made much of it is true, but the solitary man came by degrees to look forward to the visits of the round-jacketed, eager-faced lad as his one bright gleam in existence, for he had no other belongings, and nothing in his past seemed to have set him at variance with the outside world. It was pathetic enough at times to behold such a wealth of pent-up affection lavished on so apparently careless an object, who would look at him with eyes of astonishment, and burst into a laugh at his elder brother's oddities, when the other became restlessly anxious concerning any point of his welfare; still there was no doubt this affection was returned in a rough and ready schoolboy fashion, while the passing years tightened instead of loosened the bond between them.

"I say, Pax, old fellow, I wish you weren't so awfully peculiar," exclaimed this young gentleman one evening, as, lounging in the only arm chair the room possessed, he watched the grave absorbed countenance bent over the pile of papers spread before him on the table.

"And pray why do you wish it?" asked the other, with a tinge of bitterness in his tone.

"Oh for lots of reasons. We might lead such a jolly life together, you and I, if you would only give up living in this beastly hole and just take a little interest in the world like other people."

Paxton Villars pushed his papers wearily aside, and pivoting himself round on the wooden chair he always used to write in, faced his brother.

"My dear boy, life has gone more hardly with me than there is any prospect of it doing with you," he said in his deep voice, with eyes fixed sadly on the brilliant young fellow now between nineteen and twenty, whose assured position as heir to a considerable fortune, together with his natural attractions, was fast making him a social favorite.

"I hate mystery," exclaimed Maurice impetuously. "What on earth is it, Pax, that always makes you refer to the past in that dismal tone? Of course you must have some reason for living shut up like this, and I think as your only relative it is about time I was trusted with the secret."

The lines seemed to deepen on the brown bearded face at the table, and an observer might have noticed a slight wince of pain at the abrupt mistrust in the tones of this being whom the elder man had learned to believe, "I think you forget the difference in our ages when you speak to me like that," he remarked gently.

"And I think you forget I am no longer a little boy," replied the other, with his easily provoked temper flaming up.

"You are not yet free from my control, not till you are one-and-twenty," said Paxton slowly.

The younger brother made an impatient movement, and looked somewhat uneasy.

"I do believe you grudge me my future freedom," he exclaimed.

"Believe what you like," said Paxton drily, as he turned once more to the work at which he had been disturbed.

Maurice wandered listlessly round the room, his hands in his pockets. It was not often that he and Paxton fell out with one another, and when they did he was always conscious of those side the blame lay, still for all that it was galling to the youth to be so firmly reminded of his state of tutelage when he longed to assert his manhood.

"Oh, I say, a queer thing happened to me yesterday," he said presently, interrupting himself in an air he had been singing, "I was at an At Home, a grand affair, where there was a tremendous crush of people, most of them anxious to see this great actress, Miss What's-her-name they make such a fuss about. Well, of course, after a great deal of persuasion, she had been prevailed upon to give us a taste of her quality in the way of some bloodcurdling recitation or other, and she was just in the middle of it, when to see and hear better I got up on a chair outside the door and found my face reflected sudden-like, with a sort of Rembrandt-esque effect, in a small mirror towards which point the lady was addressing a highly effective piece of elocution. She stopped short, became rigid, then took to trembling all over, and finally with a gesture of despair she sank to the ground.

"There was an awestruck silence for a moment, and then a burst of applause. How long the idiots would have sat there clapping their hands whilst the poor woman lay huddled on the floor I can't tell, but in my real astonishment I called out 'She's fainted.' Everybody turned to look at me, then there was a rush to the rescue, and I got down from my perch, meditating whether my harmless physiognomy could possibly have exercised the effect ever her which it certainly seemed to have done."

Paxton Villars had put up one hand, as he sometimes did, to shade his eyes from the light, while with the other he continued writing. It did not appear that he had been paying particular attention to the tale.

"Well," he inquired, absently, "and what was the upshot? Did the lady recover her senses, or was she only shamming after all?"

"There was no shamming about that, although she is a great actress," exclaimed Maurice with vivacity.

His elder brother laid down his pen and leaned back with hands clasped behind his head, looking up at him with a faint smile.

"Dear me. Your attractions are becoming very powerful, to experienced ladies to succumb to them at first sight," he said, with a touch of irony.

"Don't talk to me as if I were a fool. I tell you the woman must have had a real cause for fright. Perhaps I resemble somebody." He paused for a moment, then leaning over the opposite side of the table, with both hands grasping its edge, gazed keenly into the bearded countenance before him. "It might have been yourself," the young fellow concluded, in cold, deliberate tones, that seemed to cut the other to the heart, for he turned pale and his lips trembled.

"And, pray, what connection do you suppose there can possibly be between a quiet middle-aged fellow like myself and this successful actress, who would laugh at such a poor, shabby appearance, even were I mad enough to enroll myself among the list of her adorers?" inquired Paxton, a shade of annoyance blending with the contempt his manner portrayed.

"Well, all I can say is, it is very curious, for I purposely hung about and watched in her way as she was leaving, and she started again at the sight of me. This time, however, her emotions seemed more under control, and she passed on, but I should know that carriage with a great deal of ceremony by the master of the house.

"I really think you might concoct a very fair romance one of these days," Paxton remarked. He had risen from his wooden seat and thrown himself into the arm chair, preparatory to lighting a cigar, having previously offered one to his companion.

"I believe," responded Maurice doggedly, "that if you did not wear hair all over your face till little but your eyes and nose can be seen, we should strikingly resemble each other."

"It may be that we should, especially if I were twenty years younger. Come now, you begin to harbor suspicions that I am a man in disguise, eh!"

"Well, not that exactly, but I can't make you out. Most people have discovered by this time that I am a better somewhere to lie in, a general impression seems to have seized them that he is in the lunatic asylum."

"Where you are either doing your best to drive me," cried Paxton in a tone of irritation; and then so gloomy a silence ensued between the brothers that the younger was glad enough to find an excuse for soon taking his leave.

"Ta, ta, old fellow. I think I shall stroll into the theater presently, if there is room anywhere, just to see what took all the great Madeleine—the divine Madeleine as they call her. You really ought to come too. They say she beats Rachel and Mrs. Siddons all to smash. I don't very well see how comparisons can be drawn with any degree of nicety after all these years."

"Nor I either," responded his elder. "I hope your presence in the theater won't have a disastrous effect and spoil the piece," he called after him.

The young man only laughed in reply, and disappeared rapidly downstairs.

As his footsteps died away in the silent street Paxton rose, went to the window, and, throwing it wide open, gazed up above the chimney pots. What was he thinking of, this solitary man, as he leaned motionless by the window-sill, lost in contemplation, while his broad figure, seen against the lighted background from the street below, had the appearance of one of those ingenious outlines cut in black paper for the amusement of children? It may have been this resemblance which caused a man on the opposite side of the road to look up from time to time, as he paced backwards and forwards, keeping as much in the shadow of the houses as possible. Paxton did not notice him, for his thoughts seemed far enough away, as muttering, "No poetry in that sky, a mere pail of murky vapor covering a multitude of sins," he drew the window to at last and, closing the window with a startling bang, went back to the table littered with his work.

Do what he would, however, he could write no more, and a kind of irritation seized him at the stillness of his surroundings, only broken by the distant hum of the great city. Presently he heard his fellow-lodger enter the house to go upstairs, and fell to wondering what sort of individual the man might be, and whether he ever found his solitary existence insupportable. It was still quite early in the evening, only just seven o'clock in fact, and Paxton began to think the only course open to him to pursue was to go out and freshen himself up by a brisk walk, if his brain was to cease its tormenting thoughts and be capable of more work that night. He was the more moved to this resolution as he heard the man above descending, and a sudden desire to see him at least once, caused him to snatch up his hat impulsively and to quit the room.

In his impetuosity he stumbled against the stranger who, by time, had reached the landing, and who recoiled from him with something not unlike an oath. For a moment the two men stood looking at each other in the semi-obscurity of the one not too well lighted staircase, while a somewhat ungracious apology was muttered by the offender Paxton. He felt an instinctive abhorrence of this man whom a moment before he had been almost anxious to see, and willingly allowed him to pass without exchanging another word.

II.

Without knowing exactly in which direction he was going, Paxton found himself at last in the neighborhood of the well known theater where the divine Madeleine, as his brother had called her, was nightly drawing crowds to witness the wonderful tragical power of her acting. He smiled a little as he thought of Maurice's assertion that she had fainted on seeing the innocent reflection of his face, and the suspicion of some romantic assertion connected with its likeness to that of his elder brother. Most certainly he, Paxton, had never even set eyes on the great actress either before or after she became famous, still he had half a mind to do so now, and abandoning himself to his impulses, in the same way he had done to a similar one not many minutes before, he allowed himself to be gradually drawn into the crowd now pouring from the theater.

It was a strange feeling this of being once more among men, and for a few moments the confused hum of voices and the lights inside the building quite bewildered the recluse who, for some seventeen years, had shut himself in dingy lodgings, with as limited an intercourse with his fellow creatures as is possible in these days of general friction.

The play began, but, strange to say, neither the stir of expectation nor the sudden burst of applause greeting the entrance of the great actress seemed to excite his attention, which was steadily concentrated on the figure of a man lounging in the stalls, and every now and again addressing some whispered communication into the ear of Maurice who was there also in the most irreproachable of evening attire. A strange uneasiness took possession of the elder brother as he viewed this pair. Without being exactly vulgar in appearance, the stranger had a certain air of flashiness about him, more easily felt than described, and Paxton determined to join his brother as soon as an opportunity occurred, in order to draw him away from so presumably undesirable a companion. It was evident that he exercised a great fascination over Maurice, while the onlooker was surprised to find this subtle influence reacting upon himself. It was in vain he endeavored once or twice to take in the passionate gestures and noble aspect of the woman on the stage who was now holding an immense audience breathless; his eyes always reverted to the couple seated before him in the stalls.

Meanwhile Maurice, far from being absorbed by his companion's cynical remarks, to which, however, for reasons of his own he judged it good policy to listen, had thrown himself heart and soul into the play and was following each movement with unrestrained eagerness.

"She is glorious," he exclaimed, with a deep-drawn breath, as the curtain descended on the last act.

"You have seen the actress, would you like to see the woman?" asked his companion, as they struggled into their greatcoats.

Maurice looked at him with shining eyes.

"Do you mean an introduction?" he inquired.

"Why yes. Come along. We must go round to the stage door."

The young man followed his companion, who seemed familiar with the place, and waited in a dimly lighted passage while the other, with the use of some mysterious sign or password, only known to the occult, gained admittance into the regions of mystery beyond.

Presently he reappeared with an unmistakably graceful figure at his side, but so muffled up that the face of the beautiful actress could not be seen. She seemed to be turning her head aside, however, almost with an air of repulsion, as he bent to whisper something in her ear.

"Enough, enough!" she hastily replied. "Am I never to be left in peace?"

At this moment her eyes encountered those of Maurice fixed upon her. At sight of his smooth refined features wearing a pallid hue, in contrast to the gloom by which he was surrounded, a shudder again seemed to shake this accomplished actress from head to foot.

The young man stepped from the corner and made a low bow in front of her.

"What is your name?" she asked in those wonderful tones which had but lately thrilled him through and through.

"Villars!" was the clear reply.

"Impossible!" cried the lady emphatically, and at the same time she swept angrily past him.

The astonished Maurice had hardly recovered from the shock of this reception when he was conscious of carriage wheels being driven by his friend returning to take him laughingly by the arm.

"Dear creatures these divinities, eh!" exclaimed this worthy, leading him away. "I can tell you a secret about this one," he mysteriously added.

"What is it?"

"Wrong there," and he touched his forehead with a significant look. "Magnificent genius, but—mad."

"How do you know?"

"It's in the family—I am her brother."

III.

A hand was laid on Maurice's arm when they once more emerged, and turning round astonished he found Paxton steadily regarding him.

"You here, old fellow! What in the name of all that is preposterous has brought you here?"

"I don't know," replied the other in a weary sort of way, "that is, I was dull and wanted change, I suppose."

"Well, it is miraculous to hear you own that. But I am sorry I cannot stay, my friend is waiting for me, and Madeleine prepared to shake off the detaining grasp with some impatience.

"Ah, this friend of yours. Who is he?"

Paxton tightened instead of relaxing his grasp on the young man's arm as he asked this question.

"What on earth is that to you? I am old enough to choose my own companions," was the sulky answer, "but if you must know, all I can tell you is that he is the brother of Madeleine Graham, the great actress, so he has just told me."

"Oh, indeed, then I suppose he is in the profession?"

Paxton dropped his arm and turned to look musingly at the figure standing at a little distance from them with his cigar. He was silent before he could collect his thoughts the face which had already filled him with distrust and a vague sense that he had seen it before, now confronted him with an ironical smile and bow, then seemed to be blotted out again in the darkness. Looking for Maurice he found he had suddenly disappeared, and Paxton was left to wend his way back to his solitary lodgings.

All that night he could not sleep. Tormenting thoughts, such as had not racked his brain for years, came back with a flood of old remembrance, surging and tossing in wildest confusion through his mind, which seemed utterly incapable of offering resistance, any more than a dike broken down by the brushing sea. But what second stranger of all was that his former trouble mixed itself up so inseparably with the somewhat unreasonable alarm he had worked himself up to concerning his brother? As he lay in bed he again heard the lodger on the next floor above him let himself in with his key and go upstairs. It was almost broad daylight then, and he muttered to himself that this fellow, even if obliged to go out again early, would almost likely get a much better sleep than himself.

At last the haggard day appeared, cold, dismal, and cheerless as himself. He shivered over his solitary breakfast, and soon huddled the things aside almost untasted, then sat down yawning to the incompleted task of last evening.

It was an article written on a subject which had entailed much reading at the British museum where, indeed, his days were chiefly spent. It had been brilliantly begun, but now as he sat with the pen in his hand every idea seemed to have deserted him, so pushing the papers away, after a futile struggle to proceed, he crushed his hat down on to his aching brow and went out.

He walked for a long time without his senses becoming any clearer, but when he came to a state of the atmosphere very much corresponded to that of his own mind, for a dense fog was gradually choking up the air. He became almost impossible to know where he was wandering, but he had a dim idea that he had strayed on to the Chelsea Embankment and kept along by the parapet in order to have a feeling of being near to something in a world where all except objects in the near vicinity were blotted out.

All of a sudden a figure rose up before him dark and terrible. It seemed to spring on to the parapet, and before he was aware of what he was about he found both his own arms firmly encircling a pair of legs, which began to kick and struggle violently as he dragged their owner forcibly to the ground and knelt upon his chest.

"Let me go," cried a voice fiercely.

"No, you scoundrel, I mean, man. This is my morning to take a bath in. I'm thinking that a warm police cell will be better for your health."

He was surprised at his own coolness in making this speech, and still more surprised to find the wretched creature, who had been writhing beneath him, suddenly become still. He was down to catch a glimpse of the face of this poor lad, who was evidently more unsettled in his mind than himself, and found that his face was buried in a pair of fine, white and well kept as those of a gentleman, while deep sobs were struggling out between them.

"Come, come," he murmured kindly. "Things are never quite so bad as we think them. If you promise not to try that again I will let you get up, and moreover I won't inform against you."

Something like a strangled promise was extracted, and then Paxton helped the rescued man to his feet, and endeavored to get a real view of his face. It was rather difficult to do this without bringing his own into close contact with the stranger's, and as he peered through the fog and filthy air between them it seemed as though some demon had conjured up a vision that sent him starting back.

"Maurice!"

There was no answer, and for a moment Paxton really felt himself to be choking. Something horrible and unnatural seemed to be clutching him by the throat, some evil spirit of insanity that had seized him at last as its long-threatened prey and was now playing fantastic tricks in conjuring up the likeness of the one loved being on this earth. Then a terrific fury took possession of him, and he violently shook the inanimate figure before him.

"How dare you!" he exclaimed, "how dare you look like him!"

The shaking had at least the effect of rousing the stranger from his apathy.

"Good God! Paxton. Do not take on like that. I am a wretched, miserable fool; I know I am; but I really was out of my mind just then, and there seemed nothing for it but the water."

"Why did you not come to me if you were in trouble?" asked Paxton, hoarsely, after a minute.

"I didn't dare to tell you I had gambled all my fortune away. You see I have been playing high for some time past, and last night some devil seemed to lead me on until I found every bit of property and money that would have been mine in about a year's time was mortgaged to the hilt."

"What—the actress's brother?"

"Yes."

"Go back home and don't play any more tricks. I will do my best to see into this," said Paxton abruptly, while, after a few more words, Maurice silently wrung his hand, then turned off in the direction of his uncle's house where he lived.

An hour later the elder of the two brothers was standing in an apartment of almost bewildering elegance to one so long unaccustomed to it. He had experienced some difficulty in ascertaining the private address of the great lady, whose presence he impatiently awaited, but from all that he could make out she presented the only clue to the finding of her somewhat mysterious relative.

The lamp in the room had been lighted on account of the fog, and presently Paxton became aware of its rays falling on a stately presence, with which he exchanged formal salutations.

"You will pardon my intrusion, madam?"

She waved a dignified acquiescence and begged him to be seated.

"Your name, I think, is Villars?"

"Yes, that is my name. You may, perhaps, have a passing recollection of a fair slight youth who was with a person who calls himself your brother, last night."

"Yes, yes. Tell me of him?" she asked eagerly. "Is he really named Villars? I thought it a cruel joke to make use of—the curious resemblance he bears to one I once loved."

"He is in trouble. It seems they played for high stakes—very high stakes indeed." Paxton paused to be further invited to be seated.

"Poor youth!" she exclaimed, "It is the old tale. That man you mention is a scoundrel."

"Can you tell me where I is to be found?"

"Do I know all the thieves' haunts in this city?" she cried with suppressed scorn.

"I humbly beg your pardon. I was informed that he was a relative of yours."

"Yes, yes; and pain enough he has brought into my life. But pray tell me, Mr. Villars, all about the poor youth. He is your son, I suppose?" she asked in an uncertain, anxious way.

Paxton hastily explained the relationship between them.

"Excuse me asking whether you are married; it is an odd question I know, considering we are total strangers," cried the actress with a little forced laugh that seemed almost to melt into a sob.

The man seated opposite raised his face gravely, and for the first time regarded her as though he really saw her, but she had caught up a hand screen so as to effectually baffle his prolonging glance by warding off the light that had fallen upon her.

"I was married once," he said slowly. It seemed as though the words were wrenched from him.

"Is your wife dead?"

"I do not know."

"Do you imagined her guilty of some crime—of forgery," murmured this strange woman, "and when she disappeared you took no pains to trace her. She was henceforth no more to you; is it so?"

"Heaven forgive her, as I have done, who bore the horrible suspicion of her crime," he answered hoarsely; "but how do you come to be acquainted with my history?"

Instead of answering she rose to unlock a cabinet, and taking a paper from it held it out to him.

"Your wife was innocent. There is the confession of the real criminal."

He took it and took so that he could hardly read, but he put the paper down at last, sighed deeply and folded his arms across his chest. The silence became almost oppressive to one of life and of the woman he had loved so passionately that he had suffered a disagreeable suspicion to rest on him rather than she should be proved false as he had at first refused to believe she merited to be. And now this treble sacrifice was proved to him to have been in vain for nothing, her life by now

"It is too late. Oh, my God, it is too late now," he suddenly exclaimed, overcome by passionate anguish; then he turned with a gleam of re-awakened hope towards the woman who was watching him. "You know all, you must be a friend of hers—where is she, where is my wife?"

She threw out her arms to him.

"Oh Paxton, do you not know me?"

"Myra! No, my Myra was a girl, a tall, slender, fair girl, with a mass of golden hair, hand across his eyes, "and you are a magnificent woman, a great actress, but not my wife—not my wife."

"As truly as I stand here, I am your wife, Paxton Villars, but years have worked their separation between us," she answered, mourn fully. "Little Myra Deane you courted and married long ago is now known as Madeleine Graham, since she may not bear her right name of Mrs. Villars. When you disappeared in order to hide my supposed guilt, and, as your employer imagined, to hide your own, I left his roof and determined to support myself. It was a long and desperate struggle, but at length under an assumed name I gained a footing on the stage. For a long time this hushed-up affair of the forged signature was a horrible mystery to me, but one day I discovered the real perpetrator of the deed in my own brother, whom I forced to write that confession. Knowing you were dead I for ever my lips were sealed, but now I can bear with him no more. You have the secret, use it to rescue your poor brother from his clutches."

Paxton ventured to take her hand, saying brokenly:

"Alas, Myra, forgive me for having failed to recognize you. It is generous of you to acknowledge a broken down man as your husband, when by ignoring his existence you might most probably secure a brilliant position in the world."

"And do you still think so badly of me that you imagine I could stoop to that?" she asked, with tears in her voice and eyes, while for all answer he clasped her in his arms with more than the passionate fervor of years gone by.

A note was lying on Paxton's table when he returned for the last time to his old lodgings. It ran as follows:

"DEAR BROTHER,—I overheard most of the explanation between you and Myra, *alias* Madeleine Graham, in future Mrs. Villars. You have a trump card in your hand in that confession she extorted from me when I was unusually hard up, so rest assured your young brother's debt of honor will never be claimed by one who is off to Australia, but who was long.

"YOUR FELLOW LODGER DISGUISED."

THE END.

Next week: How Jack Hawker Met His Bride, by Commander Cameron, author of The Cruise of the Black Prince, etc.

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The Story of the Diary.

One afternoon, in Madrid, the rain and sunshine followed each other so closely that no sooner did a shower cease than the sun shone forth more brightly than before. Though it was during the latter part of May, spring still shed tears as beautiful as everything appertaining to youth, not like the gloomy, ugly showers of the chilly month of November.

A pocket-book or diary was to be seen lying in the middle of St. Ann's square, showing plainly that some passer-by must have dropped it. It would have been fortunate, had its costly binding of Russian leather not been so defaced by the mud. It was fastened by means of a gilt clasp and was somewhat larger than a card-case.

We do not know how long the pocket-book had been there, when a beautiful young lady appeared, escorted by a man servant of decent appearance. Before proceeding any farther, we will inform the reader that she is not our heroine, and all that she has to do in this story is to read the note book, and make comments on its contents. Then we will leave her to fulfil her destiny, without informing you whether she married, became a nun, or died in single blessedness.

Donna Juana Lopez Garcia was a daughter of Don Antonio and Donna Josefa Garcia. Her mother had property which brought her a handsome income; and her father was Counciller of State, or Minister of the Interior, as long as his party was in power, and on the downfall of his political friends, put him on the retired list with a pension.

Juana was an only daughter, and was just twenty-two years old. She was a brunette, quite tall, neither thin nor stout, with black eyes and black hair, and a slight velvety down on her cheeks; a small, red mouth, that displayed her matchless teeth when she smiled, rosy cheeks, small white hands with taper fingers and rosy nails, shapely shoulders, small feet with high insteps, and a mezzo-soprano voice, adapted to a caressing as well as more commanding tone. She dressed well, had rich clothes, but preferred plain colors.

She had a French maid to wait on her, and had three rooms for her exclusive use; a boudoir, a dressing-room, and a bed-room, which overlooked a large court. Juana was amiable and cheerful, or, to be more explicit, she was neither coquettish nor dull. By serious, we mean noble-minded and discreet; and by cheerful, that she was happy and contented and made everybody around her happy.

She had not yet had a lover though she had many suitors. She was well educated, and very religious. She went to early Mass every day, not as a perfunctory duty, but in the proper way that such duties should be performed; as naturally as we love our fathers and mothers.

She liked to read sweet, pure, good books. Romantic novels which were sad and depressing made her laugh, because she could not understand the existence of grief without consolation.

The audacious or philosophical works bored her, for she thought that she could learn nothing from them so pleasant, so natural, as to adherence to the Catholic faith.

Immoral books disgusted her as much as libred people did. Therefore, she never read any novel which was not similar to I Promised Sposi, or Paul and Virginia. She spoke Italian and French, and played the piano. She was very charitable, and, in fact, was a paragon, the joy of her parents' heart.

Juana on entering the house changed her street dress for a wrapper, and retired to her boudoir to study the contents of the diary.

It consisted of about one hundred pages; half were blank, and the rest were in writing, either done with a pen or a pencil, but in the same handwriting; some times carelessly and others very carefully written.

Every woman is somewhat of an Eve. Juana was a woman, so was naturally curious. She knew very well that her father was the proper person to read the diary, and then, only to see if it contained the owner's name. But she could not resist the temptation.

The first page contained the following list:

"Tailor"	
"Photographs"	"Draft"
"Traveling-bag"	"Locket"
"Cemetery."	"Shoes"
"Passport"	"Cap"
"Cigars"	"Ring"
"Matches"	"Valise"

Juana remained thoughtful, while her vivid imagination pictured from these unconnected words the social standing and the form of the one who had written them.

She re-read them, and felt that vague sadness a human being inspires when wrapped in mystery and far away, and when we are in ignorance of his commonplace surroundings.

The following is the way in which Juana's imagination glossed over those simple words.

"'Tailor,' she said to herself. "The owner of this book must be a man, who cares for dress; and a young one, too.

"'Photographs.'—I wonder whether they were his or belonged to somebody else?

"'Traveling bag.'—So he was getting ready to go away. That about the tailor means that he was getting ready for an important journey, and that about the photographs that his journey would be a long one. I wonder where he was going, or whether he has gone away to America? But why should I think of any place so far off? He may have been sent to some place in the Provinces, or he may be in Madrid now.

"'Cemetery.'—That indicates a good heart. He must be either a devoted son, or a loving widower, or a disconsolate lover. For he did not want to go away without bidding farewell to some loved one's grave. That is evident, and makes the diary more interesting than I thought it would be.

"'Passport.'—A laudable precaution, which indicates that he was practical and discreet. I would have done the same.

"'Cigars.'—So he smokes. Well, men should be men!

"'Matches.'—He does not forget anything.

"'Draft.'—Well, I am glad that he had money. I wonder how much it was? Poor men! They are always full of cares; they have to provide not only for themselves, but for us also. Suppose it were for a smaller sum than he needed. I would have loaned him my savings. Who knows but he may be in want of money now!

"'A locket.'—This must represent a sweetheart, who gave him a lock of her hair on the day they parted. Undoubtedly she is young, and he was in love with her when he wrote that. Did he leave her? Has he seen her again? Does he still carry the locket—which must contain a lock of her hair!

"'Shoes.'—He must have had them on when he lost the diary. Did he have a pretty foot? Was he handsome? Was he well dressed? Would I like him if I could see him now? Have I ever met him by chance?

"'Cap.'—For his journey without doubt. I wonder whether he travels alone. If I had met him in the train perhaps I would have gazed at him with careless indifference. That is almost certain. And why do I feel so interested in him now? Because I am reading the secrets of his heart, and have penetrated into his inmost soul.

"'Ring.'—Ah! this is getting serious. I wonder to whom he gave it? Such a present if made by a single man to an unmarried woman must mean that they are engaged. So he must belong to somebody and I may have done wrong to read these pages. But his carelessness was unpardonable, to lose a diary which is not his exclusively. But then, who knows, he may have bought the ring for himself. Oh, no, it must have been for his sweetheart.

"'Valise.'—I feel anxious that he should start at once. But he may have left Madrid! What do I care? Well, I am indeed preoccupied with his diary. But let me go on and see whether I can find a clew to the mystery."

The second page contained the names of the people he wished to take leave of, and Juana felt a sinking of the heart on reading these names, one especially, which she thought stood for his sweetheart's.

The latitude it afforded her for the vagaries of her fancy was what made the diary so entrancing, but at the risk of feeling disenchanted she went on with her reading.

"'Frederick.—That name must represent his most intimate friend—a brother, or possibly his future brother-in law.

"'The Gomez.'—They must have been some old spinsters, his mother's friends. I don't care for them. He probably called on them because common courtesy required it.

"'The Club.'—So he used to go there. He may have been a gambler. Men never learn anything good at the club. But yet, some of them do have fine libraries.

"'The Priest.'—I like that. I think it praiseworthy that he should show so much deference to him, and call on him to say good-bye. But, who knows, he may have gone after his baptismal papers. Perhaps he was going to get married secretly before leaving his native place. I must not forget about the ring.

"'Ramona.'—She does not signify much. She must have been a friend of his sweetheart's, or perhaps a married sister.

"'Lolila.'—I like that. She must be a nice little girl, one of those miniature friendships, one of those budding loves; a sort of adoration toward an angel, showing kind feelings as and pure heart in the young man. She must be ten years old and perhaps is his sweetheart's sister.

"'Apothecary.'—The Asuanas are of those places in the provincial towns, which serve as place for the men to meet and talk over politics or the topics of the day. Of course my hero did not go there to buy drugs.

"'Marchioness.'—This indicates that the young man goes in good society. But she may be Lolilla's mother. Of course she had receptions and he was one of her favorite visitors. What a complex life he lived. I commence to perceive a certain resolutness in his spirit.

"'Don Manuel.'—He must have been one of his father's friends. I believe that the unknown is an orphan. I am already well acquainted with him.

"'My cousins.'—An equivocal relationship which changes according to whether they are congenial or not. An ugly cousin is like an insipid brother; while a handsome cousin is a dangerous being.

"'Pepa—Juan.'—These two names seem insignificant. Let us pass on. Pepa may have been his nurse.

"'My darling.'—This is clear, expressive and sweet. Who can she be?

Juana paused. All was so clear to her that it made her feel like one who tries to gaze at the sun. That is to say, the love-beams dazzled her eyes, for, like a well-bred girl, she could not stand the strong light of love all at once.

She then noticed her emotion and felt annoyed with herself for her weakness, for her inquisitiveness, and that sort of way of spying over a neighbor's wall, that feeling of envy which commenced to rend her heart, so she turned the leaf.

There was another list of commissions for different friends.

Then on the following leaf she read:

"I left Jaen, September 8th."

"Eight months ago," thought Juana. "So he is an Andalusian."

The next page had several names and addresses of prominent men in Madrid.

"So he was in the gambling-house," said Juana to herself. "I pity him."

The following page contained several accounts of money lost in gambling.

"Alas, he gambled," cried Juana, sorrowfully. She added up the different sums and resumed: "He must have lost a very large sum. Or, at least, he owed that amount, after he lost all he had. Unhappy youth."

Then she read the following memoranda:

"I wrote to Don Antonio."

"I wrote again, January 6th."

"I broke off with her January 18th.'

"Her letter, which I destroyed, was dated January 15th."

Juana became absorbed in thought, with her eyes fastened on the diary. A thousand emotions agitated her soul, while she remained unconscious of them all. At last she exclaimed:

"Was it her fault, or his?"

After this came several blank pages, and then a memorandum written in ink on one page, like a sort of epitaph:

"'Carmen was married
January 23d, 1860.'
R. I. P."

Juana felt chilled to the very marrow. Then she found this list on the following page:

"Naise, tailor, shoe-maker, glove-maker, Ferdinand, and broker."

"This diary frightens me," thought Juana, while she closed the book, but kept one finger between the pages so as not to lose her place.

She made up her mind not to read any more, but five seconds after read the following lines in another handwriting:

"Carnival—Royal Theater, 4 o'clock a.m. The White Mask vows to show you her face before the expiration of a month."

"'The White Mask.'"

Under this signature, the young man from Jaen had written:

"'The White Mask had on a bracelet with these initials: A. C.'

"And after all, that young man was not bad," said Juana. "She was to blame. Madrid, also, was to blame for it all. There was wrong not to put a woman like me in his path. I am sure that Lolilla's friend, that the priest's friend, and the one who went to the cemetery to place a farewell on some dear one's grave, was good, true, and worthy.

After a slight pause Juana read a few pages here and there, and found such notes saying:

"'The note falls due May 19th.'

"'The director's address is Montun st. His seconds are the Colonel and Don Luis.'

"'The Rev. Father died April 10th.'

"'I received from my cousins the following sums of money:'

"'I sold my estate April 30th for $8,000.'"

Juana breathed again. Then she found another memorandum which increased her fears:

"'May 12th, what a horrible night. I owe the baron $115 00.'

"'On that day the director and the minister of the cabinet no longer gave me any hope.'

"'What a day yesterday was!'"

Juana skipped a few pages without noticing their contents, as she was anxious to find the explanation of that tragedy.

Her eyes alighted on a page with the following figures:

"'Rail-road ticket to Jaen. Apparel, shoes, traveling expenses.'

"'He is going away. God speed him!' she exclaimed. "But what is left for him in Jaen now that his sweetheart is married! How poor he must be! How will he pay the note which falls due the 19th of May?"

The following pages were closely written:

"'To-day, May 17th, I have promised the White Mask that I will not commit suicide. I feel sorry for her, not for myself. I do not care for her, and never shall. That which is not good is not worthy of esteem. That woman is not good because she loves me more than duty, more than honor itself. She is false to another, and her love fails on my wounds like a corrosive poison. Everybody has deceived me; everybody has given me bad advice; everybody has ruined me. She has (my Carmen), and I have unusual cares, who promised to befriend me; my companions, all, all, have betrayed me cruelly. All, and I, myself. I have not listened to my better reasons; I have hurt myself; I have done myself more harm than all the rest together.

"'Dreams of love and happiness. Peaceful conscience! The inevitable fruition of justice! Noble ambition! Manly aspirations! Youthful enthusiasm! Where have you all flown! Where are you now? What remains to me, without you? I still have a heart more tender, more ardent, more desirous of love and joy than ever before. But what am I to the world? How do I appear in the eyes of others? Nothing but a rattlepate, a ruined gambler! And notwithstanding I hate gambling; I gambled at first to please my friends, and afterward to regain my losses, to get back what I could not afford to lose, what I needed to live on. But why do I write down my confession here? I comforts me to do so, to confide in these dumb pages, to see myself as I am, reflected in this faithful mirror. Besides, I foresee my approaching death, and I desire that the world should do me justice by reading what I have written here! I owe this slight reparation to my family, to my parents' memory, to my family's friends in Jaen, and to my friends in Madrid, even though all have turned the cold shoulder to me since I lost my money and am so miserable.'

"'O my Lord, how lonely I feel!'"

We are sure that if Juana had only known where to find the owner of the pocket-book, she would have implored her father to go to him at once and free him from the clutches of death. We also believe that her superior mind had understood his soul so fully that she considered his worthy of compassion and capable of reforming himself and leading a better life, and deserving of happiness and worthy of making others happy also.

But let us proceed. The book had very few unwritten pages left. In one of these she read a sonnet, which completed the will we have just read.

"Love is but an empty dream. Any other woman would have deceived me the same as Carmen did.

"It is not true," exclaimed Juana greatly agitated.

"I never would have been able to find a woman tender, true, generous and compassionate, who would have made me happy. No such woman exists."

"Poor simpleton," cried Juana. "There are plenty such women to be found!"

"Who would listen favorably to a ruined man—to a man who could only live by his daily toil, like a common laborer?"

"What a stupid man! I would listen favorably to him so long as his repentance was sincere."

Juana had scarcely formed this sentence, when her eyes caught the following lines which made her turn pale with fear.

"Poor Lolilla! How she will mourn for me! I warn a certain White Mask that her present position with Frederick absolves me from the vow I made her not to take my life. God have pity on my soul. Sc unjustly treated in this world. I, myself, destroy my own life. Julio de Cardela."

Thus ended the diary. Juana scanned the following pages, but found nothing! Then she cried out, and discovered that she was weeping.

Trembling and convulsed she arose and ran toward her mother's boudoir, but on passing through the ante-chamber she met her father who had just returned from taking a walk.

"O papa," she cried, nearly beside herself.

"What's the matter, my child?" exclaimed the old man anxiously, on seeing Juana in such terrible agitation.

"Julio de Cardela! Don't you know—"

"What, did you know him!"

"What has happened!"

"He has just blown his brains out with a revolver in the middle of *la Puerta del Sol*, in the presence of more than a hundred people. There never has been any case of suicide so cruel, so scandalous, and so revolting! I saw the body laid out in the courtyard, where it remains until the authorities shall have examined it. A gentleman from Jaen recognized a fellow-countryman in the suicide and told his name. I assure you that it has made me sick. But you, my child, why do you weep? Did you happen to know that young man?"

Juana kept silent but handed the diary to her father. The poor girl could not speak, for her sobs choked her.

"A diary! Was it his? Answer me."

"Yes, it was his," said Juana in broken voice.

"Who gave it to you!" inquired her father.

"I found it an hour ago in St. Ann's square, and have just finished reading it."—*From the Spanish of Alascon.*

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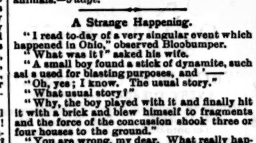
"G'lang there, you lazy brute!"

Experienced Farmer (who happens to be passing by)—When you want her to go just give her tail a twist.

Amateur Farmer (a week later)—You won't go, won't you! That old farmer gave me a good pointer about arousing stubborn animals that I haven't forgotten."



The Animal—There is animals and there is animals.—*Judge.*

A Strange Happening.

"I read to-day of a very singular event which happened in Ohio," observed Blockumper.

"What was it?" asked his wife.

"A small boy found a stick of dynamite, such as I used for blasting purposes, and—"

"Oh, yes; I know. The usual story."

"What usual story?"

"Why, the boy played with it and finally hit it with a brick and blew himself to fragments and the force of the concussion shook three or four houses to the ground."

"You are wrong, my dear. What really happened was much more strange than that."

"Indeed! What was it?"

"Somebody took it from him before any harm was done."—*Judge.*

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It Tuned His Heart to Praise.

Deacon (of the Mt. Pisgah Colored Methodist church to the retiring pastor)—De flock hab tuck up a c'lection for yo' benefit yer dis heah 'stantial timepiece to show de lub dey feels to deir pasture.

The pastor (examining the Waterbury)—Bredern an' sistern, I's ovahcome wif gratitude an' can't find words to 'spress my feelin's. Da congregation will jine in singin' 'Dere Nebah Endin' Spring Abides.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Another Heresy.

Isaac Solomons (orthodox)—Shakey, Shakey—selling suspenders on Zaturday. Vere do you expect to go when you die?

Shakey (a hopeful agnostic)—To the Sub-Treasury. Zuspenders! Shoe-laces!—*Puck.*

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Hammocks in great variety, at wholesale prices; 48c. each up to $1.88. Baskets in great variety, 5.: up Covered lunch baskets, 9c. up, only about half usual prices. Many are taking advantage of our sale of the 3,000 albums, worth 40c. each up to $10 each. We are offering them from 10c. up to $4, one-quarter to one-half usual prices. Our "Lucky Dollar" will show you how to get goods at only a part of usual prices. A few quotations—Tarbox self-wringing mops, 35c.; Royal Canadian self-wringer, $2 85, worth $4; pins 1c. per paper; Nonesuch stove polish, 9c.; Sad irons, 3½c. per lb.; Mrs. Potts' irons, 92c.; best glass fly traps, 10c., worth 40c.; these are just the thing, neat and effective; best mixed birdseed, with cuttle bone 5c. each lb., 7c., worth 12c.; pocket and table cutlery, Rodgers and other good makers, at popular prices; excellent table knives at 14c per pair; a fairly good whip, full 6 feet long, for 10c., worth 25c.; an excellent waterproof, $1; whip for 44c.; a good hinged and guarded lantern, 39c., worth 75c. No such great stock of fine goods was ever offered in Toronto before, and the special prices we are making ought to insure their sale.

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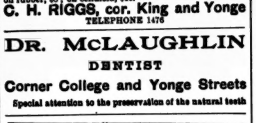

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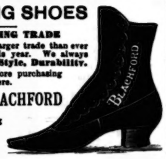

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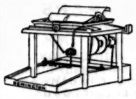

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He Settled Him.

An inquisitive man on a train on the New York Central going out of New York was seated next to a fashionably dressed young man who looked as if he might be a bank clerk.

"Going to Poughkeepsie?" asked the inquisitive.

"Yes."

"Going to stay there?"

"No, I am going on to Albany."

"Going to stay in Albany?"

"No, I'm going to Niagara Falls."

"Going to stay there?"

"No, I'm going on to Montreal."

The inquisitive man smiled, nodded his head, as much as to say, "Now I know all about you," and finally added:

"Well, I guess you are going to stay in Canada, ain't you?"

Cause and Effect.

Young Anser—No wonder it's hot; the thermometer's ninety in the shade!

Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Two.)

and placed on a table below the platform a mass of white water lilies and other fragrant flowers. The programme on Friday was a very good one, including comic and tragic songs by Mr. Ramsay, a flute solo by Mr. Leydon, piano solos by Mrs. Ramsay, songs by Mr. Shaw and Mrs. Thompson, and other attractions such as recitations, and exercises with rings, poles and dumbbells.

Mr. Frank Smith has been spending a few days at the Manse.

Mrs. M. Burrell, who has been the guest of Mrs. H. Paffard, has returned to her home in Louth.

Mr. F. Coleman, who has been spending some weeks with Mr. H. Lansing at Woodlawn, has returned to Canandaigua.

Mrs. Colin Snider of Cayuga, who has been the guest recently of Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Anderson, has left for home.

Mrs. and Miss Manson are the guests of Mrs. Charles Ball.

Mrs. Fuller, widow of the late Bishop of Niagara, is at the rectory, the guest of the Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. McMurray.

Mrs. J. McNair has again returned from Toronto.

Miss Florence Scarth is the guest of Miss Winnie Kingsmill.

The Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. McMurray have returned from Sault Ste. Marie. For the first time in nearly forty years the archdeacon last week visited the scene of his first missionary labors, he being the first ever sent to preach the light of the gospel to the savage untaught Indian tribes of the North-West.

Miss Kingsmill is visiting friends at Niagara Falls South.

Miss Gale, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. R. H. Bowes, at the Island, has returned.

Miss Heward spent a few days in Toronto this week.

Mr. W. A. Dickson returned on Thursday from Galt, where he had been spending a few days.

Mrs. and Miss Marion McKeane of Hamilton are at Doyle's.

Mrs. J. L. Sawyer of Buffalo is among the guests at the Queen's.

The following, who have lately been at the Queen's, have returned to Buffalo: Miss Birze, Miss Wilson, Mr. G. R. Wilson, Miss Safford, Mr. and Mrs. E. Cochrane, Mr. H. Richmond, Mr. W. Gratwick, Mr. P. Beals, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Thorne, Mr. A. G. and Mr. F. D. Thorne, Miss L. Lord and Miss Angle.

Mr. H. Hunter was the guest of Mr. H. Lansing of Woodlawn over Sunday last.

Mr. F. Knyvett of New York has been spending a few days in town.

Mr. B. Hostetter was the guest this week of Mr. Bernard.

Mr. Alex. and Mr. E. Colquhoun spent last Sunday in town.

Mr. Syer of the Anchorage is in Chicago. He will return in a few weeks.

The Rev. F. M. Baldwin of Aylmer, who is spending the summer with relatives here, will preach morning and evening at St. Mark's tomorrow. Having until recently passed the last twelve or fifteen summers in town, Mr. Baldwin has naturally a host of friends who will welcome with delight his appearance in the pulpit.

Miss Ferry of Hamilton is at Doyle's.

Miss Fanny Smith has been the guest during the past few weeks of her sister, Mrs. Foy.

Mr. H. Gamble is at the Queen's.

The children's ball at the Queen's on Tuesday evening was a great success. About thirty-five or forty little ones, most of them in white, and all apparently conscious of the importance of the occasion, presented a very pretty picture as they took their places for the opening dance. Mrs. Winnett, Mrs. Birze, Miss King, Mr. Gurney and a few others good-naturedly directed them through the figures of Sir Roger and the lancers, and occasionally some of the grown relatives of the little merry-makers would join in the dances, partly for their own amusement and partly to give confidence to some who were too shy to venture out alone. Some of the relatives and friends of the children present were: Mr. and Mrs. Gus Foy, Miss Foy, Miss Fannie Smith, Mrs. H. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Macdougall, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Anderson, Mrs. and Miss McKeane, Miss E. Heward, Mrs. W. A. Dickson, Miss Dick, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss E. Russell, Mrs. Fox, Mr. Sawin, Mr. Gurney, Miss King, Mrs. Le John, Mr. Taylor, Mr. H. Gamble, Miss Griffith, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Anderson, and a number of others.

The Misses Chittenden are visiting friends in Buffalo. GALATEA.

BIG BAY POINT.

The following guests registered at the Robinson House during the last week: Mr. G. M. Noland of Barrie, Mr. J. W. Day of Brussels, Mr. R. J. Ryan, Mr. Ed. Chappell of Orillia, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Robinson of Toronto, Mr. E. Montgomery of Montreal, Miss Nellie Passey Lelley of England, Mr. A. Lazarus of Montreal, Miss Laurance of London, Eng., Mr. F. L. Kahn of Cabless, Germany, Mr. Davison of Toronto, Mrs. and Miss Russell of New York, Miss Kingsmill of Toronto.

Messrs. W. W. Forsyth, F. Johnson, Holmes, Al. Binns of Newmarket were guests of Mr. Bozart on Sunday last.

Miss Lundy and Miss Radcliffe of Newmarket, who have been visiting Mr. Bogart, have returned home.

Mr. Jack Ardagh, who, with Messrs. Arthur and Ed. Spotton and Eyton Williams has been camping at the Point, has gone to Georgian Bay to camp.

Mrs. George Binns and family of Newmarket have opened their camp, with Mrs. Coates and daughter near them.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smith of Barrie, Mr. and Mrs. Scott of Toronto, Mrs. Crompton of Brantford and families have a pretty situation for their camp in the center of Robinson's grove.

About twenty-five persons went to Barrie by steamer last Sunday evening and dispersed among the various churches of the town.

Mrs. Oliver and family and Mr. and Mrs. George Burton are camping among the firs near Mr. Bogart's studio.

The Indian camp is a favorite place of resort, as all sorts of pretty things of Indian make are to be bought there.

Judging by Appearances.

I am more than ever convinced of the folly and injustice of judging by appearances and jumping at conclusions.

At one time a velvet-tongued fisher of men inveigled me into a partnership in the theatrical line, the ostensible object of which was to conquer the world anew, I providing the capital therefor and he the experience. For a few short weeks our aggregation darted athwart the public eye as if it had been shot at and barely missed. Then I returned home, and for months thereafter was firm in the belief that all flesh is as green as grass and that actors eat only at certain phases of the moon. I have since learned the error of these conclusions.

Once some enthusiastic soul, observing that the walls of the sanctum of a western editor were artistically papered with the most gorgeous bonds he had ever seen, without pausing to note that they were bonds engendered by a defunct natural gas company, rushed rapidly toward the rising sun, proclaiming his discovery in a loud voice. And now "the wealthy country editor" is well nigh a proverb.

But, to illustrate more fully the injustice of judging by appearances, permit me to recall a distressing instance wherein a friend of mine was the innocent victim.

The neighbor on the next claim to that of my friend received a visit from his niece, a romantic young creature from somewhere in New York State, and, before long, the young man began to wear his other clothes every day and ponder, with great gusto, over the Scriptural admonition that it is not good for man to live alone. After he had stirred the soft-soap for his neighbor's wife a few times, the good lady began to detect what was in the wind and seemed favorable to the young man's suit. Not so her husband. The good man declared that while my friend would do very well as a galoot (he meant gallant), as a suitor for the hand of a young lady possessed of property he was not to be thought of.

As is customary, this opposition but served to prejudice the young lady in my friend's favor. None but the brave deserve the fair, and when he gave the girl to understand that he was no meek and humble rabbit, she smiled coyly.

Presently he obtained the grudging permission of her uncle to escort her to the elderberry festival and to use the old gentleman's buggy therefor. It was arranged that my friend should drive his steed over in the foaming, tackle on to the aforesaid buggy, and away to the festival.

Being in deadly earnest, the young man straightway went and bought a cow, calculating that the proceeds from the sale of the butter and eggs would swell the revenue of the family to a right smart degree. As evening approached he set about milking his purchase. He stroked her head, and immediately threw a back hand-spring over the fence, with the assistance of the cow. In short, he was unable to begin milking her till he had tied her fast by all four legs. Even then she was well nigh too many for him.

Attached to her fly-brush was a hunk of mud about the size of a potato, and at the first pull she whaled this around and smote him with the force of a slug-shot. Thereupon he took and bound the beast's narrative to his ankle. And there he had her.

The milking went merrily on for fully three-quarters of a minute, and then the cow went away and my friend went with her. To make a long story short, he had been possessed of fifteen arms, with seven hands on each, I doubt if he could have grasped posts and grass enough to have stayed his rush as they went through the fence and down the road like the flight of a meteor, and, had he a thousand tongues, he could not have expressed the half of his feelings.

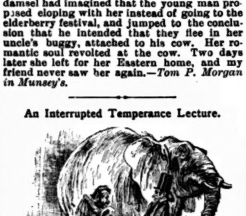
Still, he did his best, and his neighbors heard him coming. The old gentleman ran out to head him off, but this was unnecessary, for the bond which had bound them so firmly together gave way just before they got there, and my friend stopped. Would that the cow had dragged him clear down to the creek, even though it cost him his entire cuticle, for, in that event, they would not have recognized him.

As it was, the old gentleman gathered him up, and then rushed away in search of something, presumably wire, with which to fasten him together again. The young lady looked at the poor fellow in a cold, haughty tone, but finally had the decency to ask if he was hurt. Angered at her lack of feeling, he replied with biting sarcasm that, while he was not fatally injured, the cow would have had to drag him many miles before he would have laughed.

Then the head of the house returned with the wheelbarrow for which he had been seeking, and wheeled my friend home.

Here is the point of all this: That romantic damsel had imagined that the young man proposed eloping with her instead of going to the elderberry festival, and jumped to the conclusion that he intended that they flee in her uncle's buggy, attached to his cow. Her romantic soul revolted at the cow. Two days later she left for her Eastern home, and my friend never saw her again.—*Tom P. Morgan in Munsey's.*

An Interrupted Temperance Lecture.



Hungry Hawkins (the tramp)—Won't you give a poor man a nickel, boss?

Mr. S. Peake Easy (seeing an opportunity for a temperance lecture)—To be spent at once for strong drink, eh! Your poor wretch, why will you so demean yourself? Why, even this—

—dumb brute would scorn to—

The "Dumb Brute."—Whoop! Hoo ra-a ay!! —*Judge.*

Went Back on Him.

Dashaway—See here, uncle, I gave you a dollar the other day on the plea that one of your children was dead, and I saw the little imp yesterday as lively as a cricket.

Uncle Jasper—Yes, sah; dat chile is de mos' disappointin' chile you ever see.

Tell the Truth and Shame, Etc.

She—Yes, I am very fond of pets.

He—Indeed! what, may I ask, is your favorite animal?

She (frankly)—Man.

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A lady reader of SATURDAY NIGHT who had been to our lunch room for the first time asked us why we did not give it more publicity; we really thought most people knew of it now. We keep only the best there is, and with tea and coffee at 3c. a cup and other refreshments proportionately cheap we are always busy in this department of our work.

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Mother (who has brought home some fruit)—Do you like those nectarines, Robby? What do they taste like?

Robby—Yep. Taste like peaches without whiskerr.

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"Maudy, you're the purtiest gal in the country. Why don't you hang your hair an' set the rest of the gals jes' crazy?"

"'Cause 't ain't no use, Tom; my hair won't stay hung!"

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DR. FRANZ LIZST

has now been placed in the most favorable position (as to light) which it has yet occupied, and its magnificent qualities as a work of art may now be appreciated to a degree hitherto not possible.

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The Musical Pilgrims.

HOTEL WURTTEMBERGER HOF,
NUREMBERG, July 21.

DEAR METRONOME,—We reached Bayreuth on Tuesday night, July 14, (some days earlier than originally intended) having altered our route in order to avail ourselves of any benefit which might be derived from a personal application for tickets for the festival, which up to that time Mr. Torrington had been unable to secure, notwithstanding several telegrams to the committee at Bayreuth and the use of influential names to aid us in our search. Our last telegram to Herr Von Gross, the manager of the festival, offering a premium for any accommodation, standing or otherwise, brought the reply, "Bedaure, nichts weiter zu ermoglichen." We then felt that a personal tussle might produce the desired effect, and after a flying visit to Dresden, pushed on directly to Bayreuth. Here we were so fortunate as to meet with Mr. Walter Damrosch of New York and through his aid and a personal interview with Herr Von Gross, Mr. Torrington secured the promise of the gallery seats for the first performances of Parsifal and Tannhæuser for himself and Mrs. Torrington, who arrived on the morning of the presentation of the first named work.

We found all hotel accommodation at Bayreuth for the festival taken up in advance, and as the city has little to recommend it beyond its Wagnerian associations, we decided to make Nuremberg our headquarters, and thus limit our stay in Bayreuth to festival days only.

Before leaving for Nuremberg we visited the Wagner theater (where rehearsals were going on bravely for the festival) and the Wagner residence, as well as the grave of the great Maestro.

The immense state lunatic asylum is situated within easy distance of the theater, and, so 'tis whispered, is maintained for the reception of such "cranks" as have visited Bayreuth and whose mental capacity does not enable them to comprehend the wonderful genius of the greatest dramatic composer the world has ever known, and the greatest personality in the musical world since Beethoven's time.

For a professed lover of music to doubt the genius of Wagner after a visit to Bayreuth, a species of insanity must certainly exist. There are, however, few such to be found in Germany at the present day. The most positive denouncers of the Bayreuth master are now found in localities where the opportunities of hearing and studying his works are decidedly limited. We can afford to extend our heartfelt sympathy to such and forgive their harmless and ignorant denunciations. Some of them, by the way, may be found in our own Toronto!

It would be impossible to furnish a detailed description of the great festival drama Parsifal (it cannot be termed an opera) within the limits of this letter. I will simply point out a few leading characteristics of the work as they appeared to me during the performance two days ago.

From the first note of the wonderful prelude to the dropping of the curtain on the last act, one is impressed with an indescribable feeling of awe and reverence and a consciousness of the marvellous genius of the composer who in this work gives so grand an expression of the Christian idea of God's greatness. The communion scene at the end of the first act breathes a lofty and religious spirit which has never been surpassed in any composition. At the close of the first act a death-like stillness prevailed, and the scanty demonstrations of vulgar applause which followed were promptly and indignantly hissed down. A pause of one hour between each act afforded an opportunity of studying human nature as represented in the vast audience which sought recreation in promenading the environs of the theater. A more cosmopolitan gathering it would be difficult to imagine. German and English were the predominating languages, although French and Italian were largely represented.

The beginning of each act was heralded from the outer balcony of the theater by a trumpeter, whose signal was the motive of the Holy Grail—repeated three times.

The second act portraying the struggles of the guileless Parsifal with, and his ultimate triumph against the seductive wiles of the beautiful Kundry, and the third act in which the Holy Grail is revealed in all its glory, each possesses its own peculiarly strong features. Especially impressive in the last act is the entrancing orchestral music portraying the silent prayer of Parsifal before the holy spear, in which the great genius of the composer is marvellously manifest.

The performance was an undoubted success. So impressive was the work as a whole, with every detail of scenic effect so carefully and magnificently considered, and in which the combination of all the arts was presented in the most perfect manner—as Wagner alone has attempted to present them—that the individuality of the solo artists was entirely lost sight of. Had they not been judiciously selected or the general smoothness of the performance been marred by anything inartistic the defect, no doubt, would have been doubly noticeable. Among the soloists were such world-renowned artists as Frau Materna, Herr Scheidemantel, Van Dyck, and Gruugg and others selected from such leading art centers as Dresden, Berlin, Vienna, Carlsruhe and Munich. Malten, Alvary, Winkelmann and Reichmann are also among the stars of the festival, but did not appear at the first performance.

But the glorious orchestra! Could anything more superb be imagined than their grand work in this most exacting of Wagner's productions! Such purity of intonation! Such refinement and delicacy of phrasing, and such great richness and sonority in the passages! It would be impossible to particularize any department of its effectiveness.

The strings and reeds were perfection, while the brass, for which Wagner may be said to have created an almost entirely new sphere of usefulness, produced a delightfully rich and organ-like effect in the piano passages, while in fortissimo, especially in the contrapuntal treatment of the motive of the Holy Grail in the first and last acts, a grandeur of tone was produced which was truly thrilling.

The grand spectacle of the festival will undoubtedly be the Tannhæuser performances. This opera is to be produced in Bayreuth for the first time and on a scale of magnificence which shall surpass any previous representation of the work on any stage. It is promised that the Bayreuth performance of Tannhæuser, through the union of all the arts on a scale in strong accordance with the wishes of its creator, will blot out all remembrance of any performance hitherto witnessed.

As a drama Tannhæuser undoubtedly compares favorably with any of Wagner's subsequent productions and although in the opinion of extreme Wagnerites it might have found profounder musical expression in course of time, its general effect has scarcely been surpassed by any of the great master's later works, with the exception, perhaps, of that most perfect, in my opinion, of all operas—the Meistersinger of Nuremberg. A. S. VOGT.

EPPING, N. H., November, 1888.

M. S. LACHANCE, Montreal.

DEAR SIR,—Please receive as a token of gratitude the following testimony which I hope may be useful to some of those who like myself, are suffering from the pernicious effects of intoxicating liquors.

I had been using alcoholic liquors to excess for thirty years (I used to drink on average one gallon every week) and I tried at different times, and by different means to get rid of such a noxious habit; but I always failed in my attempt. One day I read your advertisement of the Father Matthew Remedy and I resolved to try it at once. A few days afterwards I received a bottle of that Remedy which you had sent me by express, and as soon as I had taken the first doses, I felt an astonishing relief. Encouraged by this fortunate outset, I went on taking the Remedy until the whole bottle was emptied, following with a strict regularity the directions given. For the last four months I am using this bottle of Father Mathew Remedy, and I am now quite another man: my appetite is excellent and do not feel the least desire for intoxicating liquors. This remedy has done me so much good in every respects, that I believe it is my duty to recommend it whenever I have opportunity to do so. Some persons to whom I have recommended your invaluable Remedy and who wish to give it a fair trial; asked me to order some for them; therefore you will find herein enclosed, five dollars ($5.00) for six bottles of Father Mathew Remedy, which you will kindly send to me as soon as possible.

Your obedient servant, PIERRE AUGER.

The Hamilton Steamboat Co., in order to accommodate the public of this city, will on the Civic Holiday reverse the order of their boats, the larger and more roomy Modjeska leaving Toronto at 7.30 a.m. and 2 p.m., the Macassa at 11 a.m. and 5.15 p.m.

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Births.

BARBER—At Toronto, on July 22, Mrs. Henry Barber—a son.
CHAPMAN—On July 20, Mrs. H. P. Chapman—a daughter.
DELAPORTE—At Toronto, on July 29, Mrs. A. DeLaporte—a daughter.
FENWICK—At Bowmanville, on July 29, Mrs. M. M. Fenwick—a daughter.
HILLES—At St. Catharines, on July 30, Mrs. O. Miller—a daughter.
PEARCE—At Toronto, on July 29, Mrs. W. K. Pearce—a son.
HOWELL—At Toronto, on July 21, Mrs. George Howell—a daughter.
CAMPBELL—At Petrolea, on July 28, Mrs. Peter Campbell—a son.
WALKER—At Toronto, on July 22, Mrs. J. D. Walker—a daughter.
FOWLDS—At Hastings, on July 22, Mrs. F W. Fowlds—a son.
O'LAUGHLIN—At St. Catharines, on July 20, Mrs. H. O'Laughlin—a daughter.
CARLETON—At Toronto, on July 24, Mrs. W. H. Carleton—a son.
LATCHFORD—At Ottawa, on July 31, Mrs. F. R. Latchford—a son.
NORRIE—At Toronto, on August 1, Mrs. E. J. C. Norrie—a daughter.

Marriages.

BROUGH—CADOW—At Toronto, on July 28, William Brough to Mrs Annie C. Cadow.
CLARK—CAMPBELL—At Toronto, on July 30, Rev. William Clark of Trinity College, to Emily Campbell.
ROGERS—VANDUSEN—At Picton, on July 21, James C. Rogers to Agnes Gertrude VanDusen.
MCCARTHY—HOLMES—At Toronto, on July 29, John B. McCarthy to Maggie M. Holmes.
PRENTIS—SELL—At Sell's Lake, King township, on July 25, Joseph D. Prentis to Rillie Sell.
LYONS—MCGHEE—At Hawkins's Mills, on July 22, George Lyons to Sophia M. McGhee.
CRAIG—EYRE—At Picton, on July 25, Hugh A. Craig to Charlotte B. Eyre.
STUART—WHITE—At Glencoe, on July 28, Alexander Stuart to Emma Margaret White.
DANCY—WELCH—At Toronto, on July 30, H. N. Dancy to Eva Welch.
BROWN—MOSS—At Toronto, on August 1, Vere Cecil Brown to Carolina Amy Moss.
WADE—ROSSITER—At Austin, Ill., on August 1, Frances Morton Wade to Florence Rossiter.
WILSON—DOBSON—At Toronto, on August 3, John Wilson to May Dobson.
MAGANN—LORENGER—At Montreal, on August 1, George Plunkett Magann to Grace Leonie Lorenger.

Deaths.

EALES—At Toronto, Mrs. Amelia Eales, aged 84 years.
MILNE—At Ilfracombe, Muskoka, on July 29, Margaret Ann Milne, aged 31 years.
ROTTENBURG—At Windsor, England, on July 15, the Baroness de Rottenburg.
STARES—At Toronto, on July 30, Mrs. Louisa Stares, aged 28 years.
STEVEN—At Hamilton Beach, on July 30, Oswald Steven, aged 12 years.
FLOCKHART—At Collingwood, on July 30, David Flockhart, aged 66 years.
SCOTT—At Toronto, on July 30, George K. Scott, aged 17 days.
THOMPSON—At Etobicoke, on July 31, W. A. Thompson, aged 55 years.
CHAPMAN—At Milwaukee, on July 24, David Chapman.
WHITE—At Toronto, on July 29, Mrs. Ann Milligan White, aged 70 years.
WALKER—At Otterville, on July 30, Mrs. Jane Walker, aged 86 years.
PEARCE—At Toronto, on August 2, Samuel Peirce, aged 26 years.
REED—At Toronto, on August 1, Mrs. Jane Reed.
THOMLINSON—At Toronto, Mrs. William Thomlinson, aged 32 years.
NORRIS—At St. Catharines, on August 1, Capt. James Norris, aged 72 years.
HALL—At Toronto, on August 2, Mary Marguerite Hall, aged 3 months.
CORNELL—At Toronto, on August 2, Annie Cornell.
GEDDES—At Toronto, on August 3, James Coffin Geddes, aged 77 years.

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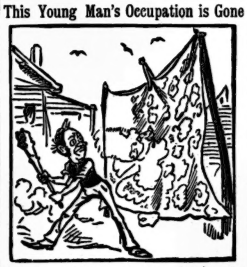

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THIRD DAY—2.45 class trot and pace, purse $300. 2 30 class trot and pace, purse $300.
FOURTH DAY—2 50 class, purse $300. 2.30 class trot and pace, purse $300.
FIFTH DAY—2 24 class, purse $300. two mile race, trotters and pacers, $400.
Entries close July 30. Entrance fee 7½ per cent. American Trotting Association Rules to govern.
Races in harness, mile heats, best three in five. Money divided 50, 25, 15 and 10 per cent. Horses eligible May 25, 1891. The right to postpone reserved in account of weather or other causes. The right to change the order of any day's programme. A horse distancing the field or any part thereof to receive first money only. Four to enter and three to start. All horses kept on the grounds will be charged 75c. per day for board. Admission to grounds 50c., vehicles 50c., children 25c., ladies free. Dufferin Park can be reached by Queen and Brockton, College and Dovercourt, and Bloor Street cars. J. S. CHARLES, Prop., No. 381 Dufferin Street, Toronto.

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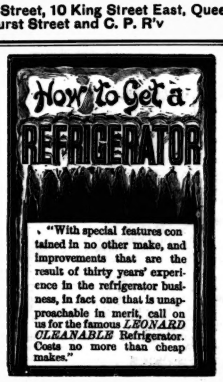

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